

Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

JUNE, 1945
TEN CENTS





Hey! You're slandering my favourite Salad!

**If you're finding fault with this lush salad—
you can stop right now. Salad's my weakness!**

Whoa! Hold your horses, honey. That salad looks slick and dandy and chock-full of vitamins. But what we mean is—well, you're eating soft food again.

But there's no law against soft foods!

No . . . and there's no vigorous *chewing* in them, either. What *do* you do about exercising your gums to help keep them healthy and firm?

Put my gums to WORK? Now, really . . . !

That's the ticket. Otherwise flabby, neglected gums may send out that signal—"pink tooth brush." So, the sooner you start massaging with Ipana Tooth Paste, the better. For your gums and your smile, that is.

And where, pray, does my SMILE come in?

Right at the beginning, lady. You see, smiles are sparkliest when teeth are sound and bright. And teeth like that depend so much on healthy gums. Ipana and massage helps keep gums stronger, healthier. Savvy?

Just how serious is "pink tooth brush"? Your dentist is the answerman for that quiz. We'd simply like to stress this: a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is a warning. If you see it—*see your dentist.*

He may say your gums are sensitive—deprived of regular exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And as dentists so often do, he's likely to suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

A good idea, too, since Ipana is designed to do more than just clean teeth thoroughly. With massage, it helps the gums as well. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel the freshening zip that indicates circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

A smile that gleams is a smile that's glamorous. So start today. Let Ipana and massage help brighten your smile!



A Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

Wake up lazy gums with Ipana and Massage!

Why the very idea for our new home



A LOVELY PLAYROOM DESIGN — AND A QUIET, EASY-TO-CLEAN, RESILIENT FLOOR

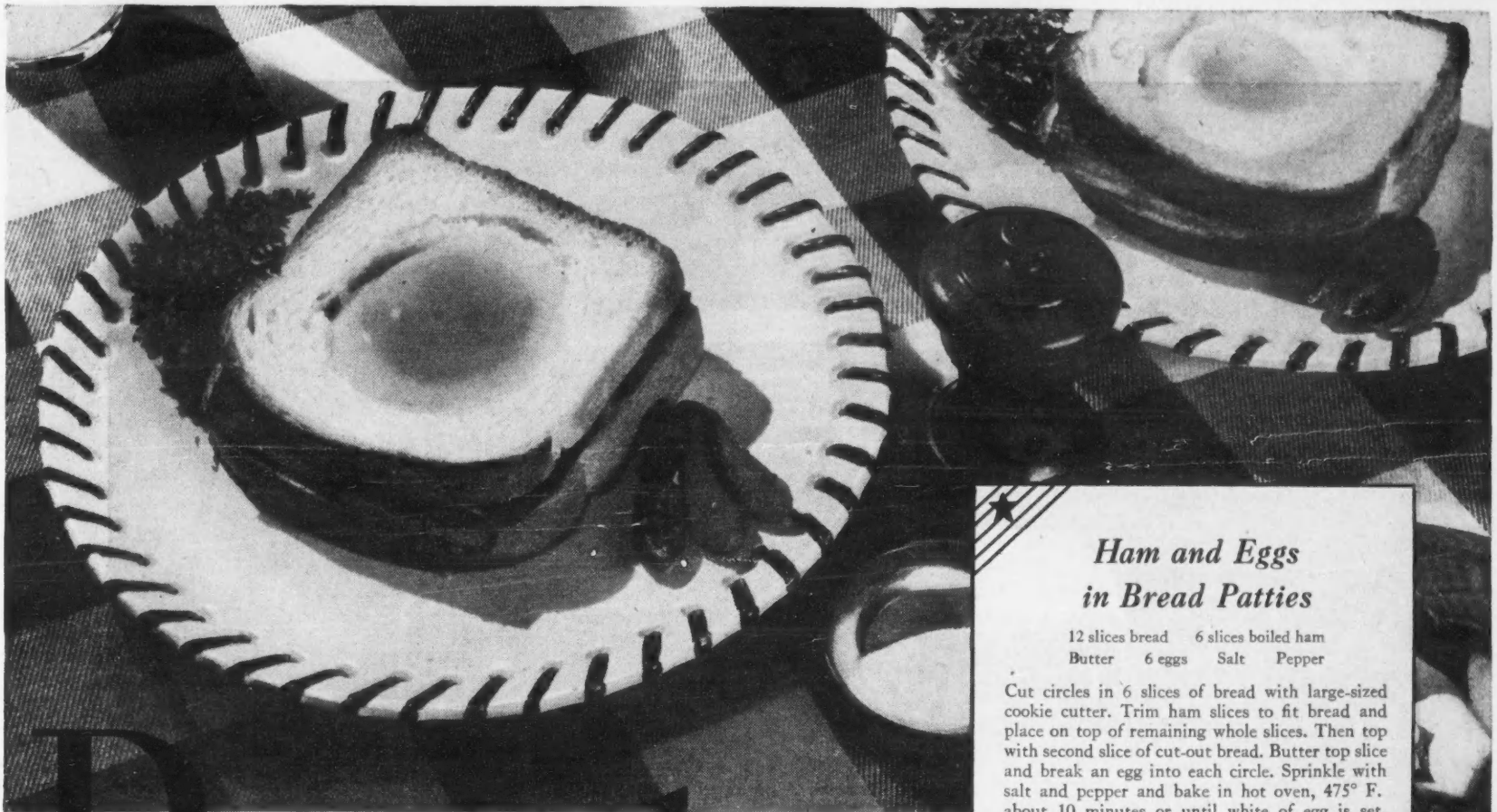
•LOOK at that room— isn't it a beauty? And look at that floor— Marbolem—just the floor for playrooms—in fact the ideal floor for every room in the house!

A Marbolem floor is quiet, resilient, long-wearing. It saves time and work (a damp mop cleans it in a jiffy) and it never loses its smart and colorful appearance.

Clip out this page and put it in your new home idea file. Marbolem, like many other products, is in limited supply at the present time, but if you are planning immediate building or remodelling ask your dealer, he may be able to supply you.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL





Ham and Eggs in Bread Patties

12 slices bread 6 slices boiled ham
Butter 6 eggs Salt Pepper

Cut circles in 6 slices of bread with large-sized cookie cutter. Trim ham slices to fit bread and place on top of remaining whole slices. Then top with second slice of cut-out bread. Butter top slice and break an egg into each circle. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bake in hot oven, 475° F. about 10 minutes or until white of egg is set. 6 servings.

Bread *stretches your food dollar*

★ Scalloped Vegetables

Buttered soft breadcrumbs
2 cups cooked or canned
vegetables Paprika
1 cup medium-thick
white sauce
Scraped onion to taste

White Sauce. Melt 2 tbsp. butter and blend with 2 tbsp. flour mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper. Add 1 cup hot milk. Stir and cook until mixture thickens smoothly. Season with scraped onion.

Line greased baking dish with some buttered breadcrumbs; add layer of vegetables. Cover with sauce. Repeat. Cover top with buttered crumbs; dust with paprika. Re-heat and brown in moderate oven, 375°.

★ Tomato Sandwich Loaf

Day-old sandwich loaf Soft scrambled eggs
Soft butter Chopped sautéed
Creamed cooked meat mushrooms
Hot well-seasoned drained canned tomatoes

Remove crusts from loaf. Cut in 6 lengthwise slices. Butter all but outside slices on both sides. Cover bottom slice with meat mixture; add second slice. Cover with scrambled eggs. Add third slice. Spread with mushrooms. Add fourth slice, then layer of scrambled eggs. Add fifth slice, then meat mixture. Finish with sixth slice. Wrap in waxed paper; let stand several hours. Brown in baking pan in moderate oven, 350°. Cover with tomatoes and serve.

Cut main dish costs way down with these tempting recipes

DOES your food-budget hold you back when you'd like to try new dishes? Then include Bread in the main dishes you plan and see how food expenditures drop right back into line.

Bread has plenty of pleasant cooking surprises in store. It helps plain meals get glamour—helps costly food stretch farther. Bread works a charm with "what-to-do-with" leftovers—helps your Sunday roast do triple duty. Use Bread as crumbs, toast, cubes, or slices. It has a natural affinity for most other foods.

While cutting meal costs, it furnishes good, solid nutrition, too!

Bread is one of the best and cheapest sources of food energy—whether you eat it as straight Bread—or combine it with other foods.

And, our Canadian bakers are supplying you with bread that is an important source of protein for muscle-building and tissue repair.

Add to your cooking success with the delicious recipes using Bread on this page. Easy to make—inexpensive—appetite-teasing. Your family as well as your budget will give you a cheer!

BUY BAKERS' BREAD

You can rely upon your local baker for the finest bread that can be made today. His baking skill—his modern equipment and methods, the fine ingredients he uses give you bread that is packed with food energy unequalled in wholesomeness and delicious flavour.

PREPARED BY THE MAKERS OF
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST AS A
CONTRIBUTION TO THE ADVANCE-
MENT OF NATIONAL HEALTH





Don't let Dandruff spoil your "Crowning Glory"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including *Pityrosporum ovale*, the stubborn "bottle bacillus".



Don't disregard such symptoms as excess flakes and scales, itching and irritation. They can mean that you have dandruff which *can* and *does* often play hob with the appearance of your hair and scalp. As a precaution, as a treatment, use Listerine Antiseptic systematically.

It's Delightful, Easy

At the first symptom of troublesome dandruff get started with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the delightful, easy, inexpensive home treatment that has helped so many . . . and it may help you. Early and frequent applications may arrest a case of dandruff before it can get started, and even if dandruff has made headway this simple treatment may overcome it.

You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night and follow with vigorous, rotary, finger-tip massage.

That's all there is to it! No grease. No mess.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*). As Listerine Antiseptic goes to work those annoying flakes and scales begin to disappear. Itching, too, is alleviated. Your scalp tingles and glows, and your hair feels wonderfully fresh.

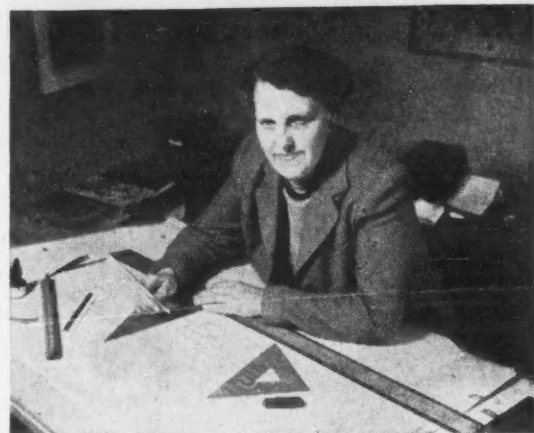
The Listerine Antiseptic twice-a-day treatment is the method that in tests brought positive relief or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of dandruff sufferers in thirty days. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

Listerine Antiseptic the Tested Treatment
MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes

HELEN M. KIPPAX, whom you see at work at her drafting desk, turned a hobby into a profession. In Brantford, Ont., where she grew up, there was a good-sized garden for her to potter in; she could shift shrubs, lay out borders, experiment with new varieties to her heart's content. When it came time to choose a vocation, she decided to be an expert at her favorite pastime, and entered the famous Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture at Groton, Mass. After graduation she worked in Cleveland and New York and took occasional time off for garden-study trips in Europe; 14 years ago she opened her own practice in Toronto, and from her neat studio-office has come a fascinating procession of garden designs, big or pint size according to the problem presented to her. When Chatelaine asked Miss Kippax to consider the



dilemma of the average city homeowner confronted with a flat rectangular lot 50 by 150 feet, and only the vaguest notion of what to do with it, she took up the suggestion with alacrity. She believes the small garden is due for a boom, that, anyway, size is not nearly so important as the owner's taste and good workmanship, and that these qualities, universally recognized within doors, should be just as apparent outside. See the Kippax plans on Pages 10-11.

GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER took to literature at an early age, deciphering the label on the ketchup bottle at the age of four, producing her own first effort, a poem, at eight, and coming forth with a novel (about an unfaithful wife!) in her 14th year. She laughs heartily when she looks back at it all, but nevertheless such precocity and practice, Chatelaine is happy to report, have paid off handsomely, as Schweitzer short stories appear regularly now in all the best magazine circles. (See Page 5.) She is married, has one daughter, one son and a high-bred cocker spaniel—none of whom reads the labels on ketchup bottles. She writes six hours a day six days a week, and still manages to keep on good terms with her family.



AND HERE we have a preview of a preview, if you can figure that one! Those four eager young faces belong to Chatelaine's Teen-age Council of Hamilton, and their gaze is riveted on a strip of "National Velvet" technicolor film while the operator gives an explanatory spiel before a special screening in M-G-M's Toronto offices. The girls

are Mary Ann Baldwin, Doris Button, Betty Logan and Mary Mowbray, who, along with the other 17 Hamilton Councillors, were guests of Chatelaine for a crowded program of fun and information one Saturday recently. (You should have heard the soprano roar when Velvet rode The Pie past the winning post!)

CHATELAINE
for JUNE

Man of the World

by Gertrude Schweitzer

Illustrated by Jack Keay

HE'S BEEN everywhere," Larry's father said. "Practically all over the world. Think of the experiences he can tell his children!"

Larry's father spoke a little wistfully. He had missed such experiences himself. He had never been any farther away from Centre Village than Montreal to the east, and New York to the south. He had never had any very exciting adventures to relate to his son—nothing better than the time he was playing goalie for the school hockey team and he fell on the puck so hard he broke his leg. That didn't amount to much now any more.

"The main thing is he's safe," Larry's mother said. "He's home."

"It's hard to believe, though, isn't it?" Mrs. Davis said. "Larry, going through all that. A — well, a regular veteran. Little Larry!"

Mr. Davis guffawed. "He's not so little, by gosh! Though it does seem like yesterday he was coming round to the store for sticks of candy."

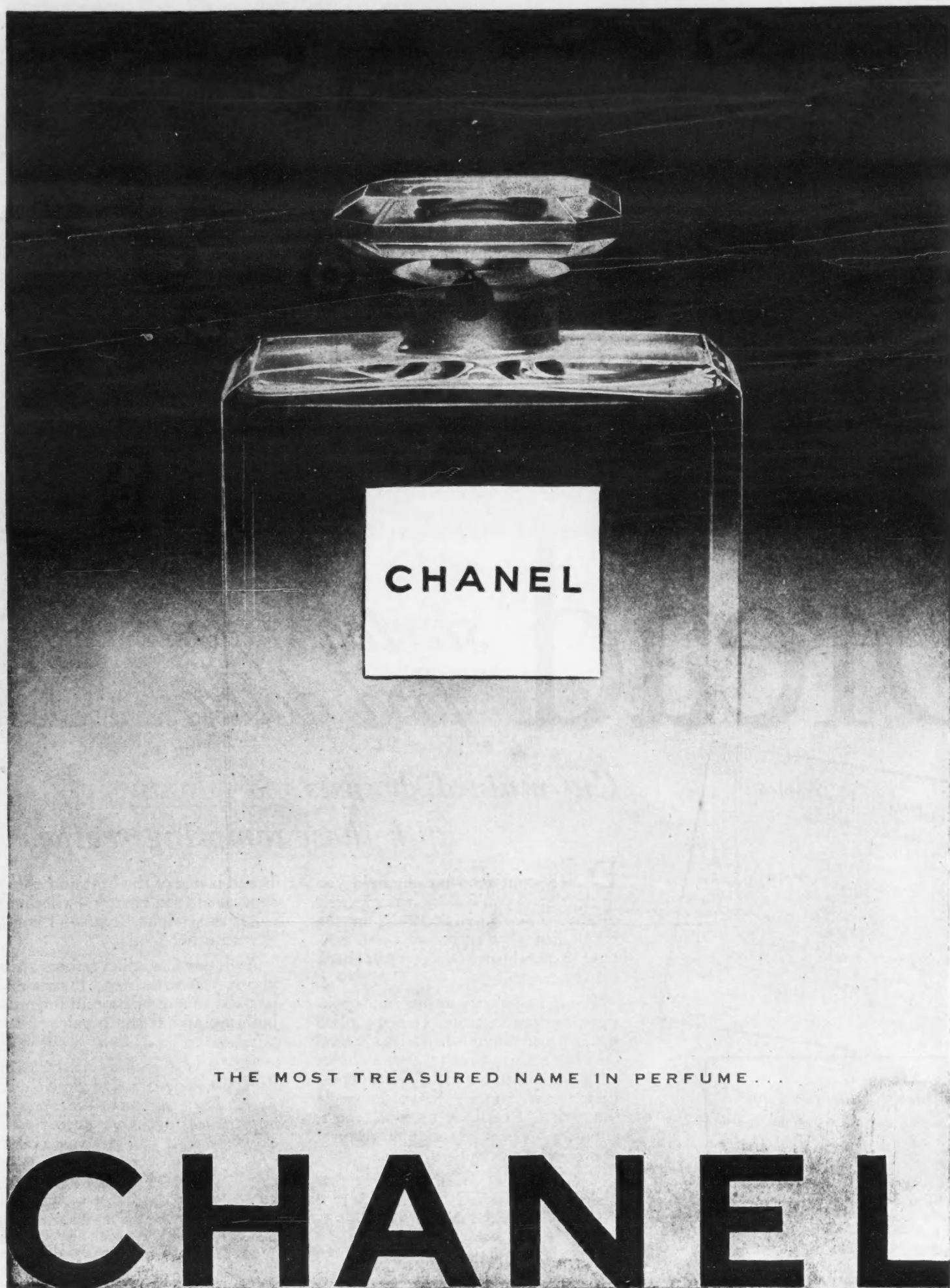
They all turned then and beamed at Larry, who got red under the tough leather of his tan. He looked hopefully across at the clock on the mantel, but it was only five minutes later than the last time he had looked; it would be at least another hour before his folks would leave the Davises.

"How's Angie?" he asked. Not because he cared, just to shift attention from himself. He had expected some attention, a few questions, a bit of quiet admiration. He had, in fact, looked forward to it. But this was different. They were discussing him as though he were a bright little boy. For all their talk about the places he'd been and the things he'd done, they were not thinking of him as a man.

"Angie's just fine," + Continued on page 24

He gave her what he meant to be a benevolent smile. "That's awfully nice, Angie. But I'm not one for parties of that sort any more. I've kind of outgrown them."





CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

45-1

To The Strong

by Elsie Fry Laurence

Illustrated by Lawrence Harris

"Couldn't I do something for you, Andy? Take you up the street a bit? It's such a grand day."

"That's right. Sure is." His eyes lifted to sweep the lovely clear skies devoid of danger. "So you think you know how I feel."

"Oh, please. I am so sorry." He wouldn't even remember her except as Marge Walker's young sister, the child with a brace on the leg, wanting to follow the others and being too slow for them, left out of games, protected occasionally with condescension by older children; being told to go home, to get out of the way of the ball.

"All right," he said. "Let's go. There don't seem to be many people about! Have you been here all this time?"

"Yes. I keep house. Mother's working."

"Good heavens!" He was becoming accustomed to translate his more instinctive language into something that would not cause elderly ladies to raise distressed eyebrows. "What do people do here from one year to another?"

Now they would rake leaves and cut down perennials, store the vegetables, get in the winter coal and wood: then they would shovel snow and the children would skate and ski: and spring would bring fresh green leaves and mud and rain and they would plant their gardens again for the swift summer and the quiet beautiful fall. And then the same thing all over, and over. He could not face it, not like this he couldn't.

School was in and the streets were deserted except for the odd wagon clattering along the alleys, the occasional housewife hurrying downtown with a shopping bag. Linda moved to the back of the chair and was filled, for the first time in her life, with violent exultation. If she could do something for Andy, whom she had worshipped through a frustrated

childhood, how she could be brave and strong!

"How old are you, Lindy?" he asked unexpectedly, as she manoeuvred him across the street and onto the opposite sidewalk. He couldn't recall her very well except as a little lame girl. She had been away in hospital or somewhere when he was in high school. That was why he used the children's pronunciation of her name.

"I'm 20," she said in a low voice, as if she was ashamed because people always thought her younger than she was. "They treat me like a child at home still. I missed a lot of school and never did catch up. I've always been afraid of things. I've been home so much except for hospitals." Now she had said too much, she thought. That was the way, once she started. But it was easy to talk with him in front of her, the little tuft of dark straight hair sticking up at the back of his head on which to fix her eyes.

"Ah," he said, catching his breath. "Hospitals and

treatments and brisk nurses and patient doctors." He

swallowed an expletive. "I can't face all that again."

"You!" she cried. "After all you've been through."

"Look," he said, turning sideways so that she could hear him, "that's the + Continued on page 48



"You're a big girl now, Lindy," he said with gentle mockery. "Maybe we could help each other."



Prospectors' Boss

by Thelma Le Cocq

WHEN a man gets out of uniform, decides he'd like to try the rough, chancy, he-man life of a prospector, the person he is sent to for advice—probably to his great astonishment—is a woman. She is Viola MacMillan, president of the Prospectors and Developers Association of Canada, which has 1,600 paid-up members, all men, whom miner-millionaire Jack Hammell describes as "plenty tough." These days that membership looks due for a big increase. Scarcely a day goes by without anywhere from six to a dozen men in uniform calling on Mrs. MacMillan for advice, either at her office in downtown Toronto or at her luxurious home on Oriole Parkway.

If these men feel any resentment that, in their absence, a woman has invaded so strictly a man's field as mining, it probably vanishes as soon as they meet Viola, as all the prospectors call Mrs. MacMillan. In the first place she's easy to look at. She's a little woman, about five feet one, and 110 pounds, a neat figure from her slim ankles to her dark, upswept hair. The impression she gives

is one of smartness and vitality rather than of prettiness. Her face is taut and tense with a suggestion of the Irish urchin about her irregular features. Her smile is ready and pleasant. Her eyes are navy blue with dark lashes and beautifully arching brows. She dresses well in suits that are tailored but soft and brightly colored. She goes in for a little of the frou-frou—a small jewelled glamour pin, a medium-bright nail polish, expensive high-heeled shoes.

With all that, Viola MacMillan gives an immediate impression of state-your-business-and-no-nonsense. Her office is there for business with no attempt to ease in the comforts of a home. It has two large desks, a swivel chair for Boss MacMillan, the average amount of currently useful litter, a glass-fronted bookcase with the top shelf given over to ore specimens, and a few framed photographs of miners and the mining country. She speaks quickly with a sharp edge to her voice, as though anxious to get down to the matter in hand. That done, if the matter has to do with mining, Viola MacMillan can

◆ Continued on page 34

Battle

LINDA, dusting the living room without interest, paused as usual before the front windows to peer wistfully across the street. The two girls beside their bicycles, picturesque in vividly patterned sweaters and kerchiefs, obscured for a moment the slight figure of the boy in the wheel chair in the gateway of the Crewes' garden. The dark girl, in red, giving Andy's hand a final pat of encouragement, was Cora James, the girl to whom he was engaged; the other was a friend of hers from the city. The watching brown eyes reluctantly devoured their smartness, their air of general prosperity.

They rode away, and Andy looked after them. Linda felt a lump in her chest solid as a beefsteak: tears stung her eyes. The sore sensation, which had dwelt in her as long as memory, became suddenly acute. She switched off the radio serial which was the only manifestation of love she knew, and hurried into the bathroom to run a comb through the soft brown hair that never held a satisfactory curl, and apply lipstick with uncertain haste to oversensitive lips.

She must not stop to think, she told herself, or she would never be able to do it. Andy had been surrounded by people since he returned to Two Rivers: he was their first war casualty to come home and the centre of a devastating amount of kindly competition between families and organizations. He had been a paratrooper and survived a notable engagement. There had been an eager current of curiosity quickening the small town with something entirely outside the pattern of their own uneventful lives. It touched often their own sons, brothers or nephews. Every little thing Andy said had been twisted or magnified beyond recognition.

Cora, on leave from a city office, had been devoted enough to satisfy the most critical, and stood triumphantly above rumor: the fact that she was eager to marry him, crippled as he was, gave her unusual prestige. With a friend staying the week end, it was natural she should go for a ride on a perfect October morning under the insistent spell of the sunlit yellow leaves.

Linda dragged herself across the street, her young limbs stiffened by the desperate shyness which had clung to her since childhood. She found herself, almost with surprise, in front of the Crewes' big white house, quite close to Andy and with nothing inside of her except the tremendous compulsion which had spurred her to this effort. Girls could always talk to men, it seemed: there must be something—

"Hullo, Lindy." He looked at her, his smile worn down to little more than a social habit.

"I KNOW just how you feel," she began breathlessly, and stopped short, petrified. Surely she hadn't said anything so stupid. Color flowed into her pale face and her lips trembled.

"The heck you do!" His abruptness matched hers, but was the explosion of long-fused exasperation. They stared at each other.

She had not seen him so close since he came back. She had spent one evening at his home, but her mother had been there, and her sister, striking and self-possessed in Wrens' uniform; with Cora, charmingly possessive and to the fore, hanging over his chair. There were other guests, and Linda had been as quiet as usual, compressed into a corner of the chesterfield with someone reaching across her every few minutes to use an ash tray and hardly noticing that she was a girl at all.

This Andy, at first glance, was but distantly related to the boy who had left school to join up three years ago. No wonder that neighbors, noting the sharpened lines of his face, the serious hurt in his deep-set dark eyes, the uselessness of his long legs, had treated him as an invalid. His hands on the chair arms were oddly white and well-kept for a boy's hands: the sight of them drove her self-consciousness into its first real line of retreat, and she saw then that he was the Andy he had always been, trying to find his way back to life.



JOELLA, home from work, hurried up the three flights to her apartment, her arms weighted down with groceries, a bottle of turpentine, a brush, and a bucket of turquoise enamel. The coffee table and the bookshelves would probably look like Easter eggs, she decided, but even that would be an improvement over their present condition. Impatiently she fumbled in her purse for the door key. A bunch of carrots was sneaking out of the sack and she grabbed at them, which made her purse slide to the floor. Lipstick, compact, old theatre ticket stubs, a comb and several coins went flying in every direction.

She put everything down in a heap by the door and began the slow process of retrieving the scattered articles. A quarter had rolled across the hall to 3D, and as she bent to pick it up she heard signs of life within the heretofore unrented apartment. Undoubtedly a family with six children and a brace of hunting hounds. Joella listened, still bent over like a croquet hoop, as doors slammed, furniture fell and walls rattled.

Then the door burst open and a large solid object tripped over her and proceeded to envelop her like a pup tent. Extricating herself was a difficult job because she and the object seemed to be at cross purposes. Every time Joella tried to wiggle out from under its clutches a mass of Army uniform got in her way. A deep voice came from somewhere in the jumble of arms and legs, muttering unintelligible phrases.

Joella finally saw an opening and clambered somewhat ungracefully to her feet. The lengthy lieutenant was still sprawled on the hall carpet, clutching her hat in one hand and looking up at her with undisguised disgust. "Murder!" he said, as if he wouldn't be above committing it.

"I'm sorry," Joella began, reaching gingerly toward the quarter that lay half hidden under his right knee.

"Don't mention it." He absent-mindedly pocketed the coin and, still the picture of outraged innocence, got to his feet and started off down the hall at a good clip, Joella's flower-trimmed chapeau still in his hand.

Joella began to feel outraged too. After all if he'd looked where he was going the whole thing would never have happened. "Do you like my hat?" she asked him sweetly. The effrontery of him. Pulling his rank on a civilian.

He did an abrupt about-face and marched toward her. "I was going to wear it." His tone was extremely sarcastic. "But I don't believe it'll go with my outfit."

A very nasty man. Joella looked him over critically as he stood there, her hat outstretched. The material had wonderful possibilities, but the disposition certainly needed a few stitches taken in it.

"Look," he said, "will you take this thing so I can get out of here? I'm in a hurry."

Joella remained motionless until she'd counted to 10. Then she smiled at him lovingly. "I'll take my quarter too," she said.

"What quarter?"

"The one you picked up and put in your pocket. It was mine."

He went through all his pockets, changing the hat from one hand to the other to facilitate speed. Finally, in desperation, he jammed the hat on Joella's head. "I haven't got your quarter," he said, and the suspicious look he gave her suggested that she was most likely a designing gold-digger. "Now if you'll excuse me!" Stiffly dignified, he turned and walked away from her. Then he glanced at his wrist watch and, breaking into a slow gallop, disappeared around the bend in the stairs.

"Well!" Joella told the empty hall. She gathered up the rest of her effects, carried them into her living room and dumped them onto the loveseat. It wasn't fair, she raged. After working two weeks in a strange town the first really attractive man she'd met had to have a disposition like an old dragon. She wondered vaguely whom he had been in such a hurry to see. Some dumb little clinging vine, probably, who loved being kicked around.

Still furious, Joella picked up the sack of groceries and started for the kitchen. She'd better not plan on painting anything tonight. Angry as she was she'd probably have turquoise enamel slapped all over the place. She'd have to eat something, though, even if it choked her.

She was halfway across the room when she heard a

fearfully familiar clicking sound on the linoleum. This was her day for unpleasant encounters, she decided, and true to every feminine instinct she gave with a piercing scream and jumped upon the nearest chair. There she stood, teetering back and forth because it happened to be a rocker, and her four-legged adversary did a disappearing act that would have made his mother proud of him.

Joella rejected the impulse to faint. It was a silly waste of time when you were alone. With a rueful look into the closet where Mickey had disappeared, she continued her way toward the kitchen.

She had finished two raw carrots and a cinnamon roll when Mickey, who had evidently only been detouring, made a speedy return trip across the floor. Joella considered jumping up on a chair again, but her energy was at a pretty low ebb. She compromised by screaming louder than before and then felt that she had done enough. If Mickey went with the apartment she might as well get used to him. She wouldn't exactly have picked him for a roommate, but at least she wouldn't be alone in the evenings.

"Hello," she said, not sure how you made friends with a mouse. Mickey, instead of returning the greeting, coyly darted under the icebox. Then Mrs. Glancy, the landlady, waddled in, red-faced and anxious. "It was only a mouse," Joella told her.

Mrs. Glancy was both relieved and upset. "I'll be puttin' out a trap right away."

"Please don't." Joella felt ridiculously as if Mrs. Glancy were plotting the death of a friend. "I know it sounds crazy, but now that I'm used to the idea I'd just as soon keep him. It gets kind of—kind of quiet here in the evenings," she finished lamely.

Mrs. Glancy's tongue made sympathetic little clucking sounds. "Well now," she said, "you're too pretty a girl to be sittin' home alone with a mouse." Then her cherubic face took on an impishly sly look. "I'm wonderin' if you've looked across the hall this evening."

"Yes." Joella shuddered and changed the subject to something more pleasant. "I'm going to paint part of the furniture tomorrow night," she informed Mrs. Glancy. "That is if you don't object."

"Not at all. 'Twill do it good." Again the crafty look on Mrs. Glancy's otherwise angelic countenance. "But we don't allow it inside the apartments. You'll have to paint in the hall, so be sure to put down plenty of papers on the carpet."

An unusual rule, Joella felt. Besides she'd be stuck right under the nasty lieutenant's nose. Well, it was her hallway, too. She had a right to turn cartwheels in it if she wanted to.

"The young man's name is Michael Shane," said Mrs. Glancy, as if that made all the difference, "and I'll bet he's just lookin' for a pretty girl like you. Be sure you smile at him real sweet now."

So that was it. Well, if Mrs. Glancy thought she could make a match out of the raw material in 3D she was mistaken. Michael Shane deserved a lot of things, but a sweet smile wasn't one of them.

DRESSED IN blue denim slacks, a flowered kerchief over her hair, Joella lugged the bookcase and the table out and placed them on the papers she had dutifully put along the hall. There was a possibility that tonight Michael Shane might not show up at all. Joella sat down amid all the paraphernalia the paint store had recommended and held that thought. Painting was supposed to be fun and she didn't want it spoiled by an old sourpuss. Of course if he did come by she could look right through him as if he weren't there.

It wasn't until she had finished the table and was on the third shelf of the bookcase that she heard any signs of activity within the apartment opposite her. She practiced looking right through him. Or maybe she'd better look the other way. Unconcerned. She practiced that, intent on the bookcase. She'd be so busy painting she wouldn't even see him.

A chair falling with a thud, a skidding sound on the floor and his door was thrown open. Carried along by his own momentum he was advancing, all four motors on. "Look out!" Joella told him sharply, but it was too late.

He looked down at the turquoise design that adorned one leg of his otherwise spotless trousers. Then he looked at Joella, who was now crouched behind the bookcase, peeking around at him furtively. He didn't say anything. He didn't have to.

"I'm sorry," said a small voice that sounded to Joella suspiciously like + Continued on page 18

Cupid Has Four Feet

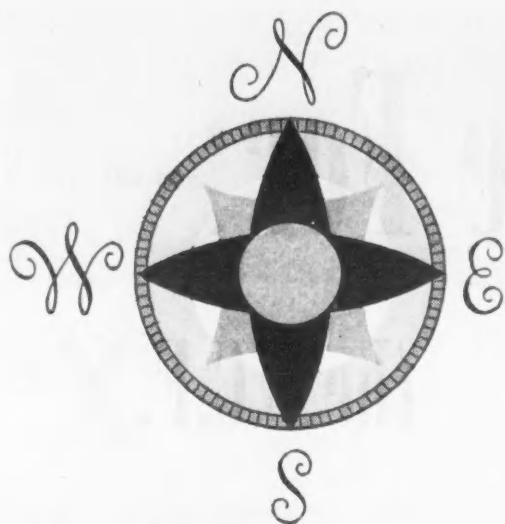
The darndest things can happen in a wartime-crowded boarding house

by **NARDA STOKES**

Illustrated by Charles Reed



Jim led her into a jitterbug routine that menaced every other couple on the floor.



HOW MANY things there are in this life which depend for their maximum success upon the happy co-ordination of one part with another! In fact, those absolutely complete in themselves, and not dependent upon a congenial relationship with somebody or something else, are few and far between. How much happier the home where each member carries his own responsibility and at the same time makes his contribution toward a harmonious family life! Or consider the assembly line in a factory, or the personnel of an office, where the success of the whole is dependent on each member of the staff performing his part in conjunction with all the rest. Such examples are legion, and not the least of them is found in the human being's accommodation for living, by which term I do not mean just houses alone. They constitute our undercover quarters, but in a climate such as ours, a suitable provision for out-of-door living contributes in no small measure to our comfort during the summer months. In short, it requires both house and garden to give adequate accommodation to the average Canadian family.

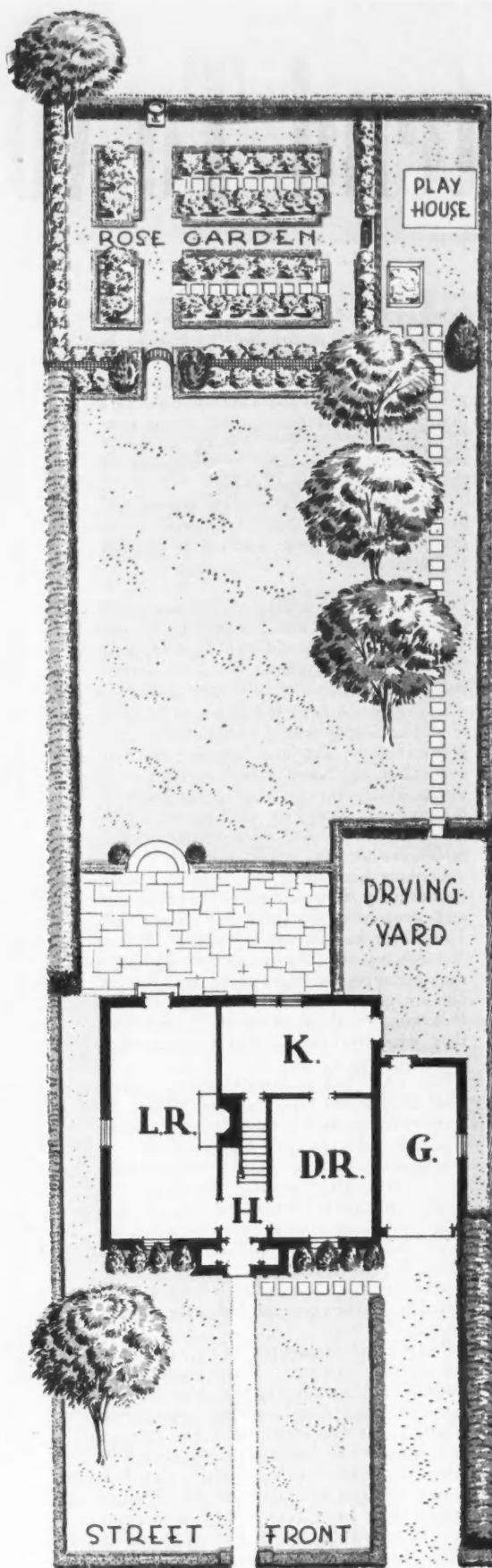
Before going farther, let us be sure we are on the same ground as to what is meant by that word, "garden." The Englishman, for instance, has a different and better interpretation of it than we in Canada. To him his garden is all the ground surrounding his home, even if it be but a few square yards of turf, surrounded by a hedge, between his house and the street. To us the word generally signifies a special area on our property devoted to the growing of some particular crop, whether flowers, vegetables, fruit, or what you will. His interpretation suggests an intimate part of his home, even though open to the skies, thus putting the garden on a much more important footing. I think he has the right idea.

A garden has several outstanding functions to perform. It is the setting for the building, and can show it off to good or poor advantage. It also forms the connecting link between the building (a purely structural feature) and the landscape (originally natural) upon which the former is superimposed. It is designed in conformity with the building and the lot on which it stands, and is constructed partly of nature's materials, and partly of stone, wood, brick, etc., as in walls, fences, walks, relating it, therefore, to both by giving it some of the character of each. If we see a building sitting up on the landscape like the proverbial "sore thumb," it is because this connecting link is weak, or perhaps non-existent; the gradation is too abrupt. As part of the home, the garden is the family's playing and living quarters during the summer days. It goes without saying, then, that to be successful in all these respects it must be designed in happy relationship with the house.

There are at least three **MUSTS** to be considered in achieving this end: (1) It must be in keeping in style and size with the house. (2) It must comfortably fit the property on which it is situated. (3) It must, like the house, suit the tastes and requirements of the owner. And with all these specifications adhered to, it must, in itself, be an artistic composition.

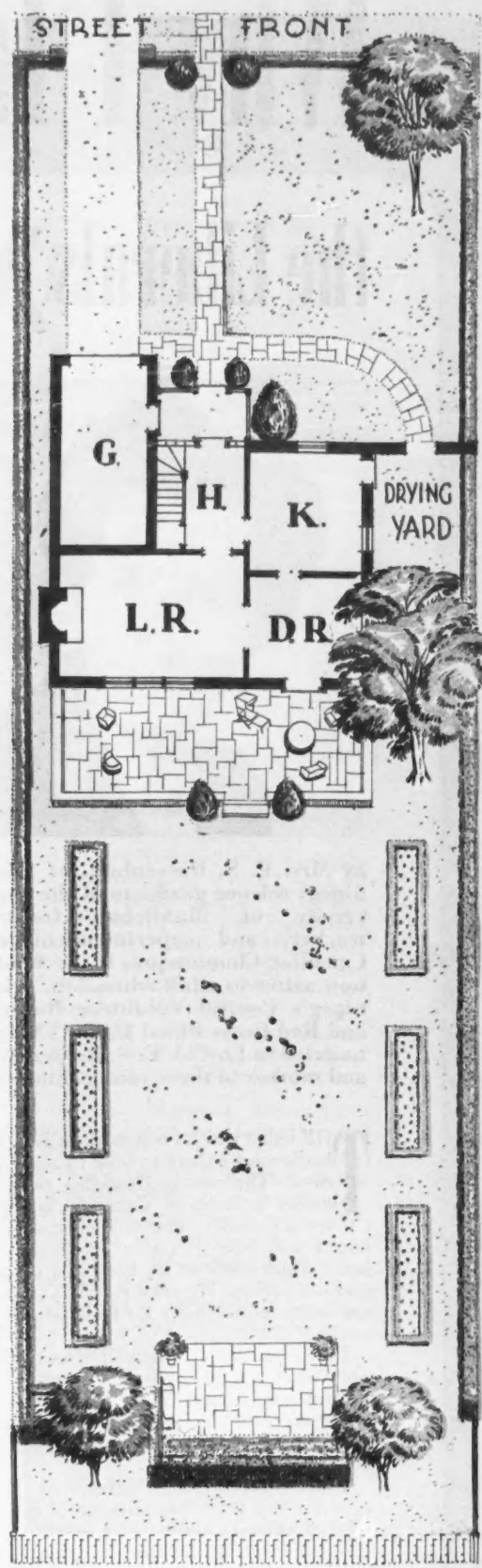
Fitting the House

Probably the most essential feature in the fusion of house and garden is ease of access one from the other, such as exists between the various rooms of the house. A door leading out from living room or dining room onto a sitting-out terrace + Continued on page 62



The Rose Fancier

Lots of Canadians are learning the joys of rosegrowing, and the plan above gives ample scope for this hobby. There are few other flowers to demand time and attention, but the three small fruit trees to one side of the lawn are pleasant and useful features through the seasons. A play corner for the children is accommodated in a sunny corner at the rear, while for the baby of the family still needing a supervising eye from the kitchen window, there is plenty of space on the open lawn for a playpen. The rose garden is enclosed by a lattice fence; the west side of the lawn is bordered with lilac hedge. As in all these layouts, the front of the house is very simply treated with compact, low-growing evergreens for year-round effect.



Designed for Adults

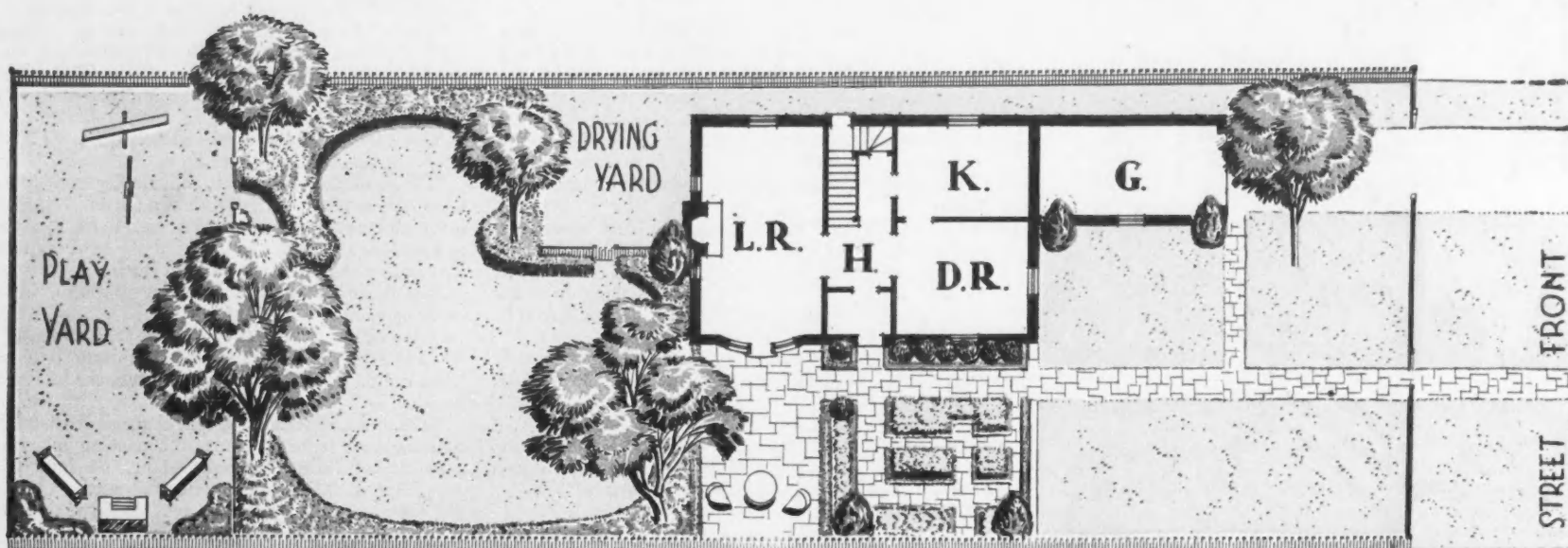
Here, the needs of the grown-up family have been especially considered. The owners are able to make a more extensive outlay in order to arrive at an immediate and permanent effect. The flagstone terrace stretches the full width of the house and has an 18-inch parapet surrounding it (young people love to sit on a stone wall!). As an alternative sitting-out spot on a hot afternoon, the plan suggests a piece of flagstone paving at the far end shaded by trees. Down each side of the lawn three oblong beds, planted with spring bulbs and followed by bedding annuals, will be more easily cared for than mixed perennial borders. Such a garden makes a delightful summertime extension of the house for entertaining.

How to Plan a City Garden

by Helen M. Kippax, C.S.L.A.

Floor Plans by John Caulfield Smith, Chatelaine Home Planning Editor

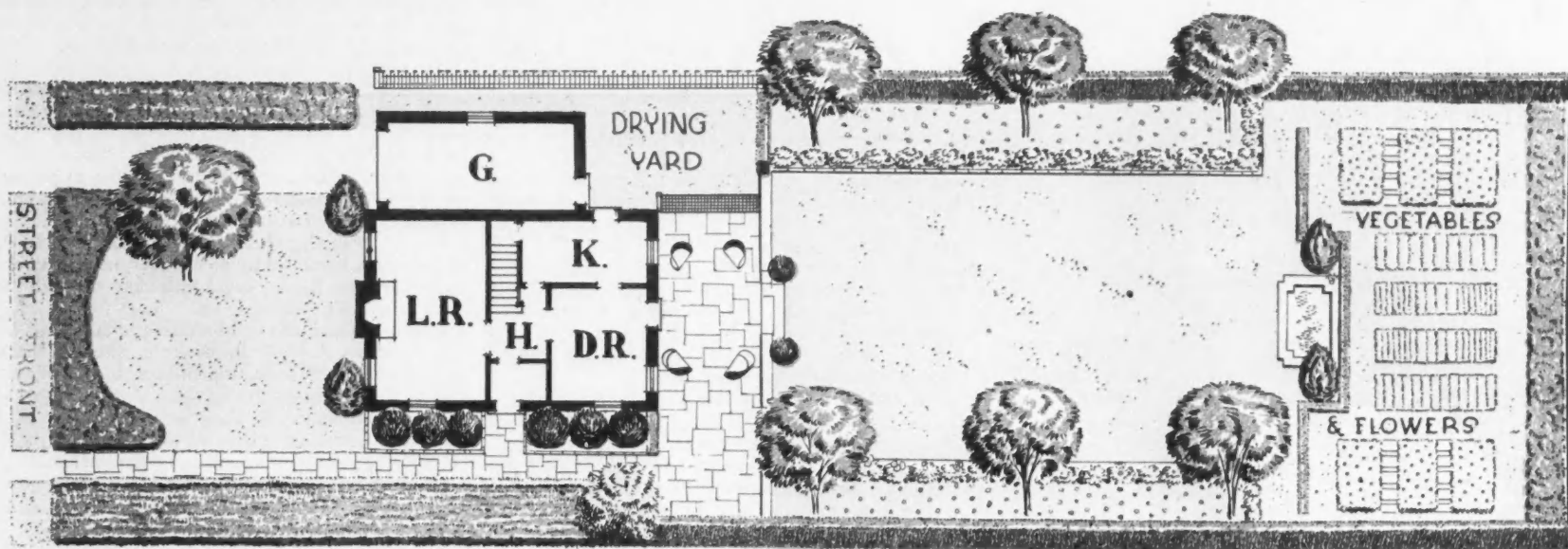
Fit your plan to house, site and family needs . . . as in these designs for typical city lots 50 x 150 ft. facing in four different directions and fulfilling specific requirements.



A Play Space

Here's a garden plan that considers the children and sets aside an area for their use—with seesaw and a picnic grill for outdoor cooking. As the family goes away in summer, the garden consists chiefly of a permanent type of planting such as flowering trees and shrubs, though the little door-yard section provides color and interest with small bulbs such as scillas and snowdrops in early spring, and low bedding plants (petunias, etc.)

for fall effect. The owners have a fear of what they call "formality," so a flowing line has been employed in the shrubbery beds outlining the lawn area reached from the flagstone terrace. The little "alcove" west of the drying yard, hidden from view from the terrace, provides somewhere else to go and sit, and at the same time adheres to the well-known principle that, in a garden as elsewhere, it is much more interesting *not* to be able to see the whole layout at one glance.



Year-Round Charm

The owners in this case are not particularly fond of gardening themselves, but wish a neat attractive environment for their house. Having to employ a man by the day, they want the annual upkeep to be as simple as possible. Thus the color note seen from the sitting-out terrace is provided by spring bulbs in the long side borders under the flowering trees; for

summer and fall effect the borders would have a narrow band of bedding plants finished with a low edging or curb. From the terrace the eye is drawn toward the pool centred at the end of the lawn against a hedge. Behind this is a combined vegetable and cutting garden, to provide fresh salad stuff and flowers for the house. Plantings of low evergreens blank house entrance.

On June 11 the Canadian people will elect their next Dominion Government. Three political parties with nation-wide organizations are the major contestants. To stimulate thought and discussion, Chatelaine invited three women in different sections of Canada to state their reasons for supporting the party of their choice.

by government? By no means. The CCF plan is designed to give more not less freedom; it is designed to give more not less personal property.

LET'S TAKE the case of Mrs. McGarvey. She married Bill just after he got out of the Army in 1919. Bill took a farm under the Soldiers' Re-establishment scheme, but no matter how hard they worked each year left them as poor as before. Eventually they moved to town and Bill opened a garage and service station. They had two children. (Jim went overseas as a pilot a year ago, and Shirley is still at school.)

For a few years things went fairly well and they bought a house; but as the depression closed in on them, they were unable to meet their payments and lost their house to the mortgage company. Shirley did not do well at school. She had poor eyesight; just could not learn to read rapidly and misspelled all her words. She should have gone to a good oculist and had a pair of glasses, but her parents could not pay for either a trip to the city or the glasses. She was bright enough, but her teachers said she could not pass until her reading and spelling improved. As she repeated year after year in public school she became discouraged, difficult, disagreeable.

When war broke out the McGarveys moved to a larger town where Bill got a job in the steel plant. Once more they bought a house. Shirley got some glasses and though her work at school improved greatly she was still a troublemaker. "You can't believe a thing she says," her teachers tell you. At 16 she's writing her entrance to high school and wants to stop school.

Mrs. McGarvey, remembering the years between the two wars took a job, too, and she and her husband have been saving all they can. "We'll both be out of a job," they say. "We can live for maybe six months on our savings, but how can we keep up our payments on our house?"

Mrs. McGarvey has become president of her CCF Club. "We elected our man to the provincial legislature, you know. And I'm sure we can elect our man to Parliament," she says. "The CCF's the only thing for people like us."

There are millions of people across Canada like the McGarveys. They've found that the world they live in does not reward initiative, industry and thrift.

Most of the "successful" people they know don't have these qualities at all. They are sons or grandsons of men who somehow got on the inside track of life—by ruthlessness, by luck, or in a few cases by ability. They own stock in mining companies, in power companies, in the milling business.

In contrast, the last census returns show that even when wages had risen during the war, 85% of the families of Canada had less than \$1,500 a year.

WHAT CAN the CCF do for the McGarveys? We say that the aviator son should continue to draw service pay until he is properly + Continued on page 64

Progressive Conservatives X



by Mrs. Hugh Mackay, of Saint John: President, N. B. Progressive Conservative Association, and Chairman of the women's committee in the Dominion association; school trustee; active in community welfare work, Girl Guides, I.O.D.E.; mother of four children — three on active service. Her husband is Opposition Leader, N. B. Legislature.

A WOMAN looks for character in the political party which she supports, just as she values it in her friends. She demands certain moral characteristics in her party, just as she does in her friends; and it is precisely this moral responsibility which I value in the policies and leadership of the Progressive Conservative Party. Knowing its motives and principles, I believe that it is best equipped to provide political leadership in Canada during the postwar period; and so I intend to vote for the Progressive Conservative Party in the coming Federal election.

I particularly stress these moral values in politics, because I believe that principle is of vital importance in the development of policy. We must have principle. We have the tragic example of Europe as a lesson in the effects of putting party before country.

What is the basic principle of Progressive Conservative Party? Equality. Equality of opportunity, equality of sacrifice and service, have to be applied generally, or we will have disunity and that smarting sense of injustice which divides our country today.

We must rebuild Canadian unity—and how else than through equality? We realize that we cannot have unity unless opportunity and security are provided,

coupled with responsibility and sacrifice, under a policy of common justice for all Canadians.

An important factor in the rapidly changing Canadian political scene is certainly the growing interest and concern of women. The increasing importance in political policy of matters affecting health, welfare and security is evidence of the changes; but I feel that too little importance has so far been attached to women's new influence upon the whole course of public administration. This trend is only beginning in Canada, but it is bound to have a profound influence upon future national development.

The Progressive Conservative Party recognizes this growing importance of women in all its policy. It believes that women should be given due representation on boards which deal with such matters as education, health, housing and social welfare. It believes that women should receive the same pay as men for work of equal value. Women sit upon all policy-making committees in the Progressive Conservative Party, and carry the considered opinions of women's organizations and welfare agencies into every conference. In other words, it has set up a permanent relation between the party and the home. This is another reason why I am going to vote for the Progressive Conservative Party.

IT IS true that until recently women were more interested in what was being thought about and talked over around their own firesides than in the outer world of newspaper editorials and radio broadcasts; however, in this strange new world, the most important political matters have a way of entering our Canadian homes. Decisions are being made there which change the course of political events. Nothing is dearer to Canadian women than the welfare of their homes and their families. The reinforcement issue has been one example of the impossibility of keeping questions which involve family loyalties and affections upon a biased party basis. The justice of the Progressive Conservative policy of equality of sacrifice and service was recognized and proven during the reinforcement crisis last November by the pressure of public opinion originating with women in the home.

One of the principal commitments which the Progressive Conservative Party has made is for the rehabilitation of Canada's service personnel. More than 40% of Progressive Conservative candidates in the coming Federal election are veterans of this war or World War I, and many are still in the services. These men are determined that servicemen and women will be reinstated in civilian life upon terms which will recognize + Continued on page 39

Why I Intend To Vote For: --

the Liberals X



by Mrs. E. S. Russenholt, of Winnipeg: science graduate of the University of Manitoba; former teacher, and superintendent of Canadian Chautauquas in the West; now active in adult education, Winnipeg's Central Volunteer Bureau and Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic; married to Lt.-Col. E. S. Russenholt and mother of three young children.

THE ballot which I will mark on June 11 is the most important vote I have ever cast. The coming Dominion election marks a crisis in Canada's history. As a Canadian citizen I must decide how I will vote . . . after weighing the issues which confront us, both as a people and as a nation. We must rebuild Canada; and share responsibility for building a new world.

Listing the things which all of us realize are vital in this mighty task, we must:

First—earn victory in the Pacific.
Second—care for our casualties; and re-establish our servicemen and women in civilian life.

Third—convert our high-g geared war economy to a peacetime structure that will offer opportunity and security for all.

Fourth—develop and utilize our natural resources.

Fifth—guarantee a high standard of health for every Canadian.

Sixth—help other nations re-establish themselves.

Seventh—improve relations with other nations; discourage future wars; and, at the same time, build Canada into a strong position to meet any aggression.

This task demands the devotion and co-operation of every Canadian, regardless of political faith. In our democratic method,

however, we must choose from three main parties—Progressive Conservative, CCF, and Liberal—a government to lead us in solving these vital issues.

None of these parties fully expresses my political views. All advocate some things I desire. Each proposes other things contrary to my belief. Nevertheless, it is only through supporting one of these parties that I can register my decision.

To determine which of these parties will best meet the vital issues listed above, one must review the past—and try to forecast the future.

DURING THE war all three parties failed to give me a clear-cut opportunity to vote for full mobilization of Canada's manpower for war. This paramount issue all parties reduced to a matter of political expediency.

Canada's magnificent war record (in spite of all handicaps) cannot be claimed by any political party. Production of food and war goods; building Navy, Army and Air Force; universal devotion to a great purpose—all these were achieved by working and fighting Canadian people. All would have been achieved under any government.

Looking backward, Conservatives have traditionally represented financial power and protection of privileged minorities. This never has earned my vote. During depression years they assumed no adequate responsibility for the nation; but wasted billions of manhours in unemployment. Following the domination of Mr. Bennett, they were leaderless, when Canada most needed guidance.

The CCF has had no chance to show what they might do in administration. It appears to me their policies are based upon academic discussions rather than on practical approach to our national problems. In war years they qualified the manpower issue with mobilization of wealth. This, I felt, was placing their political advancement before Canada's interest in victory. After they have had opportunity to solve provincial issues according to their professed faith, then one can judge them more adequately.

Past Liberal administrations are certainly not above criticism. They must share responsibility for the depression years; and for the disrupting wartime manpower muddle. At the same time, the present Government has done outstanding work in many departments. Financial policy has been sound and well administered. Foreign affairs have been guided with discretion. We have strengthened ties with other nations of the Commonwealth and with our North American partner—the United States. The Liberal Party has supplied leadership under which social legislation has been introduced; trade multiplied, even before the war; most Canadians climbed out of depression; and we progressed from colonial to Canadian status.

LOOKING FORWARD, there is the certainty that governments must lead, no longer follow, the people; must assume full responsibility for

Continued on page 32

the C.C.F. X



by Miss Isabel Thomas, of Toronto: high school teacher; born in Ontario, grew up in the prairie country and graduated from the University of British Columbia. She has taken an active part in teachers' organizations; has been a member of the Canadian Commonwealth Federation (C.C.F.) since its inception.

AT THE end of the war we Canadians have two problems to face, so important that all others are minor in comparison. We must build a world order to free the world from fear, and we must set our house in order to free all our people from want. In the solution of the first problem Canada's role, though important, will be a minor one. It is because I think the CCF has the best solution to the second problem that I intend to vote CCF. A CCF Government will free our people from want—in a democratic way.

How does it propose to provide jobs for all at decent wages? Briefly, by planning our economy—our production, distribution and consumption. The necessity of planning has been clearly shown in our war production. If each manufacturer had gone his own way making planes, tanks, guns and ammunition, it is doubtful if we could have defeated Hitler. Similarly, if each manufacturer in peacetime is allowed to go his own way manufacturing washing machines and sieves and stockings, we will have a few years of boom and then depression—unemployment and low wages in the city and low prices and destitution on the farm.

Does CCF planning mean that every detail of our daily life—what we eat, what we wear, what we buy—will be determined



"Always wear something white like that, Meggie," he said, touching the frilly collar. "Be wearing it when I come home."



She knew she was the homeliest one in the outfit

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT



The girls all agreed Hollywood had missed a bet.

by **Ruth-Ellen Storey**

Illustrated by Gwen Fremlin

HE WAS probably the sickest soldier with measles who ever entered the hospital, and she was the homeliest young nurse in the outfit. Meg Clark's homeliness was not the kind a trip to the beauty shop could cure. Rouge, higher or lower on her cheeks, didn't take away from her fattish nose with the bulb on the end. Mascara didn't make her open her eyes so you could tell whether they were brown or black. She squinted at the world as if from an inborn desire not to see things exactly as they were. And her teeth crowded each other until the front ones stuck out. But Meg mothered Charlie Wilson.

Other girls had other sensations around Charlie and, naturally, never thought he might be in need of tenderness. He certainly didn't look the type, nor act it. Mr. Wilson, Sr., had done a better job than the psychologists of the day would have conceded when he reared his motherless boy to take it on the chin. A cheerful, tough garage mechanic was ripe material for the Air Force ground crew.

Meg didn't know she was starting anything when she tucked Charlie in bed that first night. A civilian nurse in the military hospital, she had seen plenty of sick men, but Charlie was so very restless, so very miserable.

"How about pretending you're a little boy," she suggested, turning out the light. "I'll sit here and tell you the story of Jack and the Beanstalk."

She didn't know he was going to ask for her and a new story every night for 10 nights. She was doing her mothering only in the line of duty.

Meg had no illusions about herself. She had grown up with two pretty sisters, and had been audience to their beaux, their steadies, and their weddings. "Pretty is as pretty does," her mother always told her in a back-handed attempt at comfort. Nursing wasn't entirely pretty, but Meg decided she'd be a nurse. It was a good living, and, besides, she liked it. Later she had made the mistake of beginning to fall in love once or twice, but she was 26 now, and far wiser. The boys all had girls back home, or girls in the nearest town. Or just girls. And if they hadn't, she knew well enough it wouldn't be Meg.

She had been much alone, yet she wasn't lonely. Girls don't make chums of girls they can't get dates for, so Meg had time for too many books, too long walks, museums, galleries, and such. She had a store of things to tell a sick soldier who had never been sick before in his life. She had a funny way of tying her stories in with Charlie, personally, then ending up by implying that what she had to say couldn't be of any importance, of course, but if it helped a painful minute to pass . . . well, there it was.

Even if Meg hadn't buried her romantic hopes long ago, she never would have dreamed of starting on Charlie Wilson. All the nurses on the floor buzzed in corners about him, agreeing that Hollywood had missed a bet. Charlie's hair had an unruly wave and highlights. He had teasing, wicked eyes—the wickedness came back before convalescence. No dimples, but you thought there were when he laughed. And tall. Meg could tell that from the way his toes bumped up under the sheet down too close to the foot of the bed. And letters from girls, presents from girls, pictures of girls. Pretty girls.

It was the third time that night—the one at the end of his hospital stay—that he had sent a personal call for her. She left her reports and went in to him. He was alone in the room at the time.

"I think I have a temperature, Meggie." He was the only one who ever familiarized the Meg to Meggie. Then, when she started to lay her hand across his forehead, he caught it, saying:

"Listen, Meggie, I've got to get it out this time. I've been screwing up my courage for days. I'm in love—really in love."

She put her other hand on his head, noting automatically that it was moist, not feverish. She didn't wisecrack with Charlie the way the other nurses did because she had never learned how.

"Of course you are," she agreed. "And of course it's the real thing."

He caught both her hands, sat up. "Meggie, darling!" he almost shouted it. "Then you've known! Why didn't you give a sign?" He tried to pull her down to him. "Lean down, lovely one, I want to kiss you. I want to marry you. Today—this minute."

MEG WAS STUNNED. She stood there, squinting down at him through her thin eyelashes, her mouth open. But he wasn't teasing. He meant it. Or thought he meant it, which is close to the same thing.

She wouldn't sit on his bed the way he begged her to, but she did pull up a chair and let him hold her hands while he told her about himself. He'd had lots of girls, he told her, and he hadn't been an angel, and he guessed she knew what he meant because nurses got around. She knew what he meant, but she wondered if he would consider museums as "getting around." Tomorrow he would be dismissed from the hospital and he wanted to marry her before he rejoined his

outfit. He'd have a few days, and then it was going to be overseas for his gang. That was the worst of this measles business—he was missing most of his leave. And he didn't want to rush her, he'd give her until 10 o'clock tonight to think it over.

When she said she'd think it over, he took all the pictures of the pretty girls and tore them up and dropped the pieces in the waste basket. He was whistling when she left the room. She went back to the reports she had been working on, but she didn't write anything down. She squinted at her pencil.

The war was a funny volcano. It spit up all sorts of odd and terrible things. And some nice things. One nice thing. A proposal of marriage for Meg Clark. She didn't love Charlie. She didn't even think she loved him the way he thought he loved her. Yet she knew the proposal meant more to her than to Charlie. Whether she said "yes" or "no" wouldn't actually make much difference to him. Charlie wasn't going to get hurt from it. And Meg . . . it would be a wedding for Meg. Mrs. Charlie Wilson. That would be something to write home to her pretty sisters. It wouldn't last, but how many war marriages would last? And, too, he might not come back. If she didn't love him, didn't let herself love him, her heart would ache for him just as it did for every other white cross on foreign soil, and no more.

If he did come back? Meg faced that, too, squinting down her pencil. If she didn't allow herself to love him, she could give him up to a pretty girl with no hard feelings. For it was as certain as the bump on her nose that she would have to give him up. She could never hold him. But she would have had marriage, something she had never expected to have, and she could return then to her well-planned and reasonably happy career of nursing with no regrets. She had learned to control her emotions, hadn't she? She had had a nurse's training, and a lonely woman's training.

THEY WERE married the next evening in the vestry of a little church Charlie found in the classified section of the phone book. Meg had a soap and water, even a disinfectant wholesomeness about her, but she was not beautiful at her marriage. The light that radiated from her face was not from love of Charlie, and perhaps that was why the minister's wife said to the minister afterward, "I just can't see what some men see in some women. I know it's heresy, but that marriage won't last."

Leaving the church, Meg felt shorter and plumper than usual, probably because Charlie was so tall beside her. He swaggered in his uniform, as if glad to be his own man again. + *Continued on page 42*

READY IN NO TIME—BUT FINE HEARTY EATING

Take a perfect medley of 15 luscious vegetables—add to it a rich beef stock, and you have a soup that's not only a delight to eat but high in nourishment, too. Mothers call Campbell's Vegetable Soup "almost a meal in itself".

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP



SO EASY TO FIX—AND SO GOOD TO TASTE

Yes, this is the soup most folks like best—and "why" needs no explaining. The world's finest tomatoes, red-ripe and full of vitamins are blended with golden table butter to make a soup that's always tempting and ever satisfying.

CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

A FEW MINUTES DOES IT—AND MAKES A MEAL FESTIVE

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup is just the thing when company comes. But it's also a soup that will give lift and nourishment to your family lunches and suppers. Its "good makings" are fresh hothouse mushrooms and extra-rich cream. A truly wonderful soup!

CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



**GET OUTDOOR TIME
FROM KITCHEN TIME**

You can't add hours to the day—but you can spend fewer of them in the kitchen, if you let Campbell's Soups help you. These soups take only minutes to fix—yet bring to your table hot dishes every bit as tempting and nourishing as though you'd slaved over them. They'll aid your meal-planning these early summer days.

Campbell's SOUPS

Made by Campbell's in Canada

When I've Campbell's Soup to heat
And catch a tempting whiff,
I'm always awful glad indeed
It's ready in a "jiff"!

Look for the Red and White Label





I Went Crazy

I THINK I'm going crazy!" You've heard that expression used on many occasions, usually by women who are distraught, up in the air, forgetful or nervous. I can assure you they don't mean what they say because, when you go crazy, you don't think about it—you're there! Ask me—I know. For six months I lived in an atmosphere of eerie shadows, nightmares and coma when dreams became reality. I was definitely out of this world.

There is nothing unusual about my experience. A great many people, leading normal and useful lives today—holding responsible jobs—married and parents of children, have at some time in their lives lived through the shattering experience of being temporarily insane. They've lived to recover from their brain storm.

Thousands of cases are treated in mental hospitals every day by psychiatrists, who minister to the mind just as physicians minister to the body. The results are remarkable. No longer is a deranged mind looked upon as a mysterious and fateful Act of God. Mental illness is treated in the same way as bodily illness. The cure and prevention of recurrence are sought in each case. A mind out of focus can be brought back to normal just as cancer can be removed from a breast or a heart can be strengthened by rest and treatment. Of course, I'm not saying that all insanity is curable—nor are all cases of cancer, tuberculosis or other serious diseases—but, year after year, the number of cures of mental illness recorded by psychiatric hospitals is steadily mounting as doctors, by constant probing and experimenting, begin to understand more fully the greatest enigma in the world—the human mind.

In my case the illness, caused by the strain of childbirth, is known as "puerperal psychosis." My little boy was born in May in a small hospital near our home town. I can't remember a great deal about the nine months before his birth. I know I was nervous and jumpy, and I do recall meeting an old friend a month before our baby came and calling her by an entirely different name—even though I knew her intimately. It was a normal birth, but, although I seemed to be progressing favorably, I used to have weeping spells in the hospital for no particular reason. I finally was

How does it feel to go insane? Here is the amazing personal account of a woman's mental collapse; a report of her sojourn in psychiatric hospital wards where modern treatment restored her to normal life

brought home with a nurse to look after baby and me. Three days later I started to run a high temperature. I couldn't sleep—night after night I lay awake feeling unutterably depressed. That's all I remember. I've been told that from then on my actions were definitely abnormal. I tried to "escape" every chance I got—I ran out of doors in my nightgown. I have a vague recollection of going up to the attic one day to get a pair of boxing gloves. It seemed terribly important that I get those gloves, and the next thing I knew I was bouncing around on the bed trying to box with the nurse, who was frantically attempting to get hold of me. That is all I remember until I "came to" late in August in one of the provincial hospitals.

Although I have no recollection of it, my husband tells me that when I first entered the hospital I was given a thorough physical checkup. X-rays were taken of my chest, back, head, teeth and eyes to see if any physical cause for my condition could be located. I was also given metrazol treatments. Metrazol is a method of inducing a short-lived convulsion, which acts as a tonic to help bring the patient back to normal.

This treatment is not being used so much now because, as the doctors say, it is "unpleasant." It is gradually being replaced by electroshock or insulin-shock therapy. I don't think I shall ever forget the last time I was taken into the operating room for treatment. I was determined not to scream! "Unpleasant" is not the word for it. Every time

afterward that I passed by that door, the black letters "O.R." made me shudder. This particular time I remember quite distinctly. There were about five nurses and the doctor, a petite dark-haired young woman. They put me upon the table, and placed a sandbag under my back. This, I learned later, was to lessen the danger of injury to the spine. I was lying there staring up into the bright lights feeling akin to a guinea pig. The doctor was filling the needle with the colorless metrazol fluid. She injected it into the veins on my right wrist, then farther up on my arm. Then she got another needle, walked around the table, and injected this one into my left wrist. I couldn't help screaming. This one felt the way I think poison would feel seeping through the veins. It certainly is a shock! A nurse told me that at one point it took eight of them to hold me down—and I am not five feet tall! That is all I recall of that episode, as I was soon unconscious. The treatment "puts you out" for about half an hour and you come out of it somewhat dazed.

These treatments, disagreeable though they are, do a magic work. Without any treatment I would probably still be in hospital.

MANY OF the days were spent in complete amnesia. When I did think at all, it was like being in another world; the things I imagined were absolutely fantastic. One time I was Santa Claus distributing gifts, and every time it was necessary to go down a chimney I would have to perch up on the steel frame at the head of the bed, then somersault onto the bed. Silly, isn't it? Every time I became boisterous like this I would be put smack into a cold pack by the nurses. Do you know what a cold pack is like? You are rolled while naked into cold wet sheets, which are then wrapped round and round your body, confining your arms to your sides. Then your feet are tied to the end of the bed. When you are in this you can't do much tumbling or rolling about. The fellow who sings "don't fence me in" wouldn't be at all happy in one of these; but, believe it or not, I got to like them very much. After shivering through the first few minutes, the warmth of your body warms the sheets and the relaxation is wonderful! I got rolled into these so much that the treatment became monotonous. ♦ Continued on page 54

by Florence B. Murray

Illustration by Russell Taber.



From an oil painting by Fred H. Bridgen, R.C.A., O.S.A.



Round the Bend of the Road

TO the last minute of war's final hour, every energy remains directed at one consuming task —

the ever-urgent, ever-vital job of supplying our fighting services with every weapon, every piece of mechanized equipment our time and labour can produce.

But there will come another day . . .

A day that is perhaps just round the bend of the road . . . a day when all those forces we now

leash to war will once more be available to serve your peacetime needs.

A day when all our experience, vast engineering resources, skill and science, will be turned to the production of new and finer, thriftier, safer, General Motors cars — Cars for your convenience, your comfort, your work and pleasure — cars for your future travels "Round the Bend of the Road".



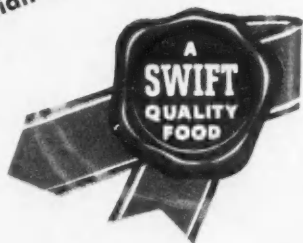
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Cupid Has Four Feet

Continued from page 9

her own. She rallied immediately. Why should she be sorry? The table had just sat there minding its own business and he'd run into it.

"Oh, it's perfectly all right," he told her icily. "All my other dress trousers are at the cleaners and I'm only 25 minutes late for my date."

And not only that but he'd probably messed up one whole side of her table. She got up stiffly and looked at it. "See what you did," she said.

"See what I did?" He was practically apoplectic now. "Look, I don't know who you are, or—"

"Joella Nash," she told him.

"—or what you're doing here," he went on, ignoring the proffered information, "but—"

"I'm painting furniture." Her chin went up defiantly. "Mrs. Glancy said I could."

He ignored that too. "You are beginning to get in my hair," he finished.

THAT DID IT. Joella bared her teeth. "Lieutenant Shane," she bit off each word as it came out, "I live here too, and half of this hallway is mine and if you insist on throwing your weight around without looking where you are going—"

"Wait a minute." In the face of Joella's hot fury his own cooled down just a little. "I'll compromise with you," he said desperately. "I'll climb out a window and go down the fire escape in future if you'll tell me how I can get this stuff off my pants."

Joella picked up the bottle of turpentine and led the way into his apartment. "Take them off," she ordered, "and I'll see what I can do."

He disappeared into the bathroom. In a moment the door opened slightly and the trousers came out, seemingly under their own power. Joella took them in hand and after scraping off little globs of turquoise, applied the turpentine freely. He'd reck to high heaven and it would serve him right.

"Hurry," he pleaded. "Please."

Joella smiled wickedly. He wasn't so high and mighty now, she thought with satisfaction. When, except for a rather large damp spot, the pants were their original color again she handed them through the door to him.

In a moment he came out wearing all his clothes and the feeble ghost of a grin. "They smell kind of funny, don't they?"

Joella continued to gloat, making no comment.

Then he hesitated, reluctant to say the thing he obviously felt needed saying. "I can't seem to be on time. My fiancée thinks I keep her waiting deliberately. It's got to be a—rather touchy situation."

"Oh," said Joella noncommittally. So he had a fiancée. One evidently as

bad-tempered as himself. Well, she hoped they'd be very happy, snarling at each other through life. In her haste to get away from him she overreached for the turpentine and the bottle donated its contents to the floor.

"Make yourself at home," the lieutenant told her pointedly, glancing at his wrist watch. "Sorry, but I've got to beat it."

Joella was still mopping furiously when the phone rang. Automatically she answered it. Her pet hates were demanding females who said "Who is this?" before they told you whom they wanted. "Joella Nash," she told the girl briskly. Then she gasped, remembering too late that she really had no business answering his phone in the first place. She stuttered a little. "No—no, Michael isn't here. I mean Lieutenant Shane. He just left." She had called him Michael because the girl did and that might sound incriminating. "I—I'm cleaning the floor," she volunteered.

"How nice!" the girl said haughtily. "I'm sure it needs it." Then she banged the receiver in Joella's ear.

They were a good pair, thought Joella, trying not to sympathize with Michael. She wondered what he had been like before this loathsome female got him in her clutches. Though from what she'd seen of Michael Shane it had more likely been the other way around. The girl, until she met Michael, might have had a perfectly lovely disposition. Joella went back to her smeared table and unfinished bookcase and as she struggled desperately, trying to get the partially dry paint to blend, she began to feel more and more sorry for Michael Shane's poor little persecuted fiancée.

Airgraph from Italy

By LEO COX

There is an August morning, worlds away,
A younger morning set in hope and peace
Where sunshine floods the village of Métis
And silver gulls glide down a deathless day.
St. Lawrence fog is melting gold and grey,
Merging the hollow cries of diaphone
With the heart's ache at waking all alone . . .

O bitter, bloody Adriatic bay!
What routes to Rome imperial compare,
What Umbrian waterfall or classic shade,
With dusty roadways up through forest air,
With simple splendor of our dear cascade?
What royal vineyard or what olive bough
Can vie with our wild raspberries ripening now?

LUCKILY TIME healed the wounds on the furniture and by the time she got home from work the next day it was not only dry but very fetching. Joella carried the bookshelves in and placed them under the window where they'd been before. Then she tried them beside the corner chair. But they really looked better under the mirror. Triumphantly she stood back to view them.

"Looks better where you had it first," said Michael Shane from the open doorway.

Joella marched past him, her head in the air, and stooped to pick up the coffee table. Somehow he had managed to get there before her. "Where do you want it?" he asked her.

"In front of the loveseat, of course." Michael deposited it. "Why do they call those things 'loveseats'?"

"I have no idea." She wasn't going to discuss even a byproduct of the tender emotion with a man like that. Ignoring him, she scooted the table more to the right and sat down on the abbreviated divan in question, getting the effect from that angle.

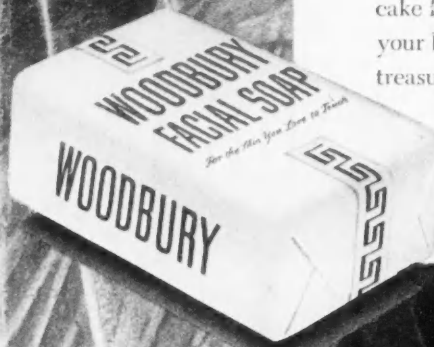
"Looks okay," he admitted, examining the table carefully. "Guess I didn't hurt it any."



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"Oh, no. I was able to fix it up in only about two hours."

His mind was obviously not on turquoise coffee tables. "You're a pretty good little fixer-upper, all right. I had a dickens of a time explaining to Louise what you were doing in my apartment."

"I told her I was cleaning the floor," Joella said defensively.

He laughed but there wasn't too much mirth in it. "I told her you were cleaning green paint off my pants, but that didn't seem to satisfy her either." He sat down on the loveseat beside Joella and then, disturbed by the proximity, got right up again. "Louise is kind of unreasonable sometimes."

Unwillingly Joella found herself temporarily transferring a little bit of sympathy back to Michael. "I shouldn't have answered your phone," she admitted. "I'm sorry if I got you in trouble."

"Oh, it's all right. I finally convinced her that you didn't mean anything to me."

Well! The feeling was certainly mutual, thought Joella, smarting a little in spite of herself. "If you will excuse me now I will go in and finish cooking my dinner."

He followed her out to the kitchen.

"Louise likes to eat in restaurants, but I get tired of it."

"That's too bad."

Joella tied a ruffled apron about her waist and busied herself with two pork chops.

"Maybe it'll be different when we're married," he went on hopefully.

That couldn't happen too soon to suit Joella. She continued to be absorbed in the chops.

"Smells good," he said. "You're versatile, aren't you?"

Painter. Cleaner. Cook. What else can you do?"

"Type letters." Joella started to put both the chops on one plate. "Have you had your dinner?" She hadn't meant to say that, but he looked so hungry and she didn't like to see even a dragon go hungry. "There's plenty for two."

"Louise is giving a dinner party at the Spanish Castle," he said.

"Oh, I see."

"But you know how dinner parties are." He looked at the chop longingly. "Nobody ever gets anything to eat for hours."

Joella put another plate on the table. "Sit down," she told him. She took off her apron, lighted the candles and switched off the light.

"We used to eat by candlelight at home," he said, a shade of wistfulness in his voice. Then he laughed. Joella was surprised and vastly relieved to know that he could. "Dad always went out to the kitchen before dinner to find out what we were going to have so he'd know what he was eating."

Joella found herself smiling at him. Maybe he was only half dragon. The other half seemed to be something rather nice. "Where do you live?"

He told her about his hometown. "Most beautiful spot in the world," he said. "You'd be crazy about it." His eyes looked full into hers and for some reason Joella got noticeably warmer. She made herself look away hurriedly.

"Whenever you have to leave," she told him, "don't hesitate to say so."

"Oh. I'll have time to help you with the dishes." He got up and put on the ruffled apron and they both laughed at the somewhat startling ensemble. Soon everything either of them said or did was funny too. "You know," he said, "I haven't had so much fun in—"

He left it there, but Joella was experiencing the strangely warm sensation again. Then they bumped into each other, both reaching for the same dish, and she felt not only warm but prickly, too. "Don't get silly ideas," she told herself. "He belongs to somebody else."

That fact was suddenly extremely evident because now he was looking at his watch and tearing the apron off at the same time. "I've done it again," he said. "I was supposed to meet Louise at the Spanish Castle 15 minutes ago." He ran for his cap. "Thanks for feeding me." He skidded through the door and shouted a good-by as he tore down the hall.

The routine was getting monotonous, Joella decided. It would certainly be a pleasant change if just once she could be running down the hall to keep a

date and he would be the one left all alone.

"Nuts to him," she told Mickey, who was emerging cautiously from the closet.

Mickey doubled his speed and disappeared into the kitchen. Mickey wasn't much company after all. Maybe he belonged in a trap.

Feeling very let down, Joella switched on the radio and pretended she was dancing with a tall handsome man.

When he got to be a lieutenant who looked like Michael Share, however, she

stopped quite abruptly.

She was putting her books into the bookcase when the buzzer rang. Probably Mr. Crandall wanting her to come back and work a while, she thought, and took her time getting to the hall phone.

It wasn't Mr. Crandall. It was Grace Adams, a girl from her office. "They're both cute," Grace insisted. "And one of 'em hasn't got a date."

Well, when you were in a strange town and the only fellow you knew was not only impossible but engaged as well you couldn't be too choosy.

"I'd love to go," she told Grace. "Cute" probably meant short, fat and dull she warned herself as she stepped into a hot bubble bath.

She had donned a blue jumper dress and was pinning a cornflower in her hair when they arrived. Both the fellows were in Air Force uniforms, and neither of them looked repulsive at all.

Joella's spirits revived somewhat in spite of herself.

Grace, who had been there once before, admired the new paint job, and Jim, Joella's man for the evening, told her she was every bit as good as Rembrandt and certainly much prettier.

It looked as though the evening might be fun after all.

Then Grace's date, called Red for obvious reasons, asked where they should go. A heated debate ensued, everybody but Joella making noisy

+ Continued on page 22

WAR BRIDE

By ROBIN BREACH

This is the wide and eager sky,
These are the unfenced fields you
knew,
Your voice is in the wild bird's cry.
The very stars remember you.

The ripe wheat in the prairie wind
Ripples, but when its green is gold,
The trees with autumn scarlet
limned —
A fairer sheaf my arms shall hold.

For I, who drew my thigh and vein
From English fields you died to save,
Bear in my womb the mystic skein
That binds a cradle to your grave.

books and ash trays and putting them down again. "You probably got the impression that I told her a lot of stuff that wasn't true just to clear myself, but she—she just exaggerated." He stopped and glared at Joella. "If you don't stop twisting that tassel it's going to come off." He resumed his pacing. "I know I acted like a—a—"

"A dragon," supplied Joella, stuffing the now decapitated tassel behind a cushion and beginning on another one.

"Yes. But it was just because I've been all mixed up lately. Louise has been riding me like the devil about being late so much and my pals have been riding me like the devil because I've been jittery and I've been riding myself like the devil because I know one reason I have the jitters is—" He stopped and caught up on his breath—"because Louise has been riding me like the devil."

"You could be on time," suggested Joella. "Then everybody would be happy."

"I thought of that," he said, "but it won't work. Because there happens to be another reason why I'm mixed up." He stopped in front of Joella, glaring ferociously. "If you want those tassels off, why don't you cut 'em off? It'd save time."

"I have plenty of time," said Joella, starting to work on the next one.

"Well, I haven't! Louise has made plans for us to get married right away, and she told me if I was late again the whole thing was off." He didn't make any move to depart, however. He stood and watched Joella twist fringe. "Well," he shouted at her at last, "why don't you say something?"

"Good-by," Joella said with exaggerated indifference.

Michael picked up his cap from the table. "Good-by." The word sounded as if he might mean it literally. He turned abruptly and walked with long steps toward the door.

Came a sound of tiny feet on the linoleum and Mickey whizzed past Michael, swerved in front of Joella and ducked into the closet. And then Joella, with a piercing scream, fainted dead away.

When she finally came to she was on the loveseat, her head on Michael's shoulder, and he was smoothing back her hair. "Oh," she said, opening her eyes, "what time is it?"

"Late." He looked at her solemnly, his arms still around her. "That settles one thing, doesn't it?"

There was a determined knock at the door and Joella freed herself and rose to answer it, her knees for some reason very weak.

Louise was standing in the hallway, looking past her into the room. "I thought I might find you here, Michael," she said, sailing past Joella without so much as a glance. "Come along, darling." Her tone was oversweet. "We've missed the opening scene."

Joella cleared her throat. "I fainted," she said, "or he'd have been on time."

"How quaint!" Louise withered Joella with a look. "But you're wasting your time, you know. Your cheap little tricks aren't going to do you a bit of good."

"Wait a minute," Michael challenged her. "It wasn't a cheap little trick."

Louise smiled not very prettily. "Michael darling, I'll explain the facts of life to you on the way to the ballet. We're going to be late."

"She saw a mouse," Michael insisted stubbornly, "and she fainted."

"And you expect me to believe that?" Louise wasn't smiling any more. "She's in love with you and she wouldn't stop at anything to break us up. A mouse, indeed!"

Mickey was undoubtedly a mouse. Apparently he disliked the idea that his existence was being questioned. He came out of the closet and looked at Louise reproachfully.

This time it was Louise who screamed. Joella merely sank down on the loveseat and closed her eyes.

"She's done it again," Michael was beside Joella instantly. "I told you she fainted when she saw a mouse."

When Louise spoke her voice would have cut glass. "Personally," she said, "I'm getting rather bored with this performance. The ballet will be a much more entertaining show, Michael. Believe me."

"She's fainted," said Michael firmly, putting a protective arm around the cause of the trouble. "I won't leave her while she's in this condition."

"Why, Michael, she wasn't even subtle! You'd have to be a gullible fool not to realize she's just putting on an act."

She waited for Michael to stop being a gullible fool. "I wouldn't," she said then with cold finality, "marry a man who couldn't see through an obvious trick like that!" The door slammed so hard it shook the whole room.

Michael sat for a long time, very quietly, and then he tightened his arms about Joella. "You might as well come to," he told her, "because I'm going to kiss you." And he did.



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Cupid Has Four Feet

Continued from page 20

suggestions. When the smoke cleared they were on their way and it wasn't until they'd parked beside a roadside inn that Joella noticed the neon sign. It said Spanish Castle in big red letters.

HER FIRST impulse was to develop a splitting headache. Michael Shane would, of course, deduce that she had followed him there deliberately. But at least he'd know that she, too, went out now and then. Bravely she thrust her chin up and let Jim lead her into the night club.

Next Jim led her to a table and disposed of her wraps and then, with the evident conviction that he was a tank in the thick of battle, led her into a jitterbug routine that menaced every other couple on the floor. This was one sure way to meet new people, Joella thought, holding on tight.

Frantically she looked behind her and noticed in their wake a tall khaki uniform moving smoothly and gracefully in step with a statuesque blonde. Shutting her eyes and gritting her teeth, she waited for the impact. Skull cracked against skull and stars jumped giddily about before her eyes. She stood swaying for just a moment and then the stars changed to several blondes who were all looking at her with ill-disguised repugnance.

Joella swayed a little in the opposite direction and tried to focus her eyes. A battalion of Michael Shanes were standing beside her. "Oh, it's you," they said as if they weren't at all surprised. "Are you okay?"

"Perfectly," said Joella, starting to sink.

A strong arm was about her waist, steadying her. "Are you sure?"

"Michael!" It must have been the blonde's voice. "Michael, I think I'm going to faint."

"Louise faints easily," Michael explained, loosening his hold about her. "Excuse me, Joella."

"Joella?" Louise's voice was quite strong and healthy now. Unpleasantly so. Joella turned toward it. With interest she watched a number of blondes gradually merge into one. "Why you must be the girl who cleans up for Michael." Cold blue eyes appraised Joella from her patent sandals to the flower in her hair. "I had no idea, from what he told me, that you'd be at all pretty."

Stinging from the blow, Joella disengaged herself from Michael's hateful arm. "He's never looked at me to find out whether I am or not," she assured Louise. She whirled and faced Jim. Jim thought she was pretty. "Shall we go run into some more people?" she asked him.

Her head was still aching when she got home and she crawled into bed without taking off her make-up. "It's the truth," she told herself. "He's never looked at me as if I were anything but a sexless nuisance who insisted on getting in his way." The realization made her head hurt even worse. Well, in future when she caught sight of Michael, she'd run and hide in a closet or pop into a manhole and then they'd both be satisfied. She was just as anxious to avoid him as he was to avoid her, she argued.

When she woke up her headache was gone, but she was still arguing. Life, unless she did something about it, would

continue to be a dreary affair of eating and sleeping and working and bumping into people who didn't even bother to notice that you had green eyes and dark, curly hair and exceptionally good legs.

That was why she had her black curls piled high on her head and was wearing her sheerest hose and highest heels and a green dress that brought out more than the color of her eyes when Michael Shane knocked on her door the next evening.

"Oh," he said, as if he weren't quite sure that he was in the right place. "Are you going out?"

"I just came in," she told him. "From work. I have another job, you know, besides the cleaning up I do for you."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," he said, looking slightly uncomfortable. "Louise says things she doesn't mean, sometimes."

"She said I was pretty," Joella reminded him.

Michael kept his eyes carefully averted. "You are," he admitted. "I didn't say you weren't. I don't want you to think I said you weren't."

"It doesn't really matter, does it?" Joella, elaborately casual, pretended to be engrossed in a piece of ball fringe on the loveseat. "After all I don't mean anything to you, so what I think shouldn't"—her voice got very squeaky and she put it down a few tones nearer her normal register—"shouldn't mean anything either." She twisted the fringe around her finger and then she unwound it.

"Look," he said, "will you stop doing that? It makes me nervous." He stalked about the room, picking up

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talk to his half-grown contemporaries unless he stooped to their level. He had a nice, earnest, square-cut face, with eyes that were very blue against the tan, and his hair was sun-bleached to an almost platinum shade. Where it was beginning to grow out a little from its Army haircut, you could see that it was curly.

He thought about Angie as he walked along, and he felt as benevolent as the smile he had given her. After all, it wouldn't hurt him to go to her party, even though such things meant nothing to him any more and he'd be out of place. She was a nice little kid, and it would make her feel good. After everything he'd been through, it wouldn't hurt him to make a small sacrifice like that.

But what, he wondered, was he going to do with his life now? Where did he belong? Who would his friends be? Not the kids he'd gone around with before he went away, the kids his own age who now, in experience, in knowledge, were so much younger than he was.

He knew a lot about life now, and they knew nothing. They were still concerned with games and dances and school, but he had seen men die and he had killed men himself. What did he have in common with them any more? He had been around. He wouldn't be 19 for another month, but he was a man of the world.

These thoughts, expanded a bit, carried him a good distance, across the avenue called King's Road, and on to the part of town where the houses were larger and not so close together, and where the men who raked the autumn leaves in faded brown sweaters, greasy hats and dungarees were often not the

owners, but hired gardeners. There was, of course, nobody raking leaves now. It was almost 10 o'clock at night, with a bright moon that made everything very clear, and as Larry walked by he could see couples sitting on the porches, and hear music coming over the radios, and now and then the low laughter of a girl, mingling with a man's deep chuckle, or the soft murmurings that he knew had to do with love.

All at once he felt terribly lonely. He thought again that he did not belong anywhere. He had sometimes thought it in the Army, too, when at night the soldiers had talked about women. He'd had pin-up girls over his bunk, the same as the others, and he had quickly learned how to discuss their attractions in picturesque terms, but he knew he was really out of it. He had taken Eileen Johnson to all the school dances for an entire winter term, and he had kissed her good night lots of times, and for a few months he had considered himself in love. He had made a lot out of that to the fellows in his company, but that's all there was to it. That's as close as he had ever come to the adventures the other men talked about.

It was pretty sour to be not 19 yet and have no place in the world. Larry went and stood against the gatepost of a darkened house to rest for a minute and consider this. As he leaned, his shadow grew excessively long and thin, and he began experimenting with it by stretching his arms over his head and jiggling his feet, creating an intriguing and improbable figure on the sidewalk.

A laugh interrupted his gyrations, and a voice enquired, "What on earth are you doing?"

HE REACHED the nadir of embarrassment, in which his skin broke out into thousands of moist prickles, his stomach dropped several inches, and his throat filled with sandpaper. He turned slowly, murmuring something hoarsely about not knowing anyone was around.

Before he could see who had spoken, the voice said, "It's quite all right. Most people are so stiff and restrained, it's refreshing to see someone honestly expressing himself."

The words were so soothing that he was able to notice the loveliness of the voice, low-pitched, warm and a little husky, and then the girl moved so that the moonlight was full on her face.

Larry thought she was beautiful. He could not make out the color of her eyes, but they were large and slightly slanting, and when she dropped them her lashes were long, heavy black fringes against her cheeks. In the moonlight her richly curved mouth had an unreal, almost orchid tint, and her hair, dramatically straight to her shoulders, looked silver. She was tall, almost as tall as Larry, and so slim that he was sure he could reach around her waist with his hands. For a moment he thought he must be dreaming her. But then she spoke again.

"Why are you out here all alone? With so few men about, how did an attractive one like you manage to escape by yourself?"

He grew warm all over. "I was looking for you," he said, and then, very pleased with himself, "Who are you, anyway? Did you come out of a book?"

"I'm Berna Marden, and you?"

"Berna Marden." He rolled the name around on his tongue, liking the taste of it. "That's awfully pretty. My name's Larry Paulding. I've just come home from the Army."

"For good?"

"Yes."

She did not ask him why. She was no

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Mix the ingredients, shape into a loaf, place on a rack in a roasting pan, and bake in a moderately hot oven. Do not add water. After the loaf has browned, baste and cover it.

**KEEN'S
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Man of the World

Continued from page 5

Mrs. Davis said. She smiled playfully. "If you stay around a while, I think she'll be home soon. She's at a party, but I have an idea she'll leave early."

Larry did not take this in at first. When he did, he got cold with horror. Angie Davis. They thought he might be interested in their skinny, freckle-faced little kid! What was the matter with them, anyway? Here he'd been all over the world, practically, and done things and seen things that some men never do or see if they live to be 100, and they thought he could be interested in a little kid like Angie!

"Well, I don't think I can wait," he said. He got up, avoiding the surprised faces of his mother and father, and edged toward the door. "There's something I just remembered I've got to do."

When he was outside, he wondered why he had not left long ago. They had made him feel so much like a little boy, out visiting with his parents, it hadn't occurred to him that he didn't have to stay—that he could leave any time he wanted to. He took a deep breath and looked up and down the dark street, trying to decide where to go.

And it was then that the thing hit him, as hard as the concussion of a nearby shell exploding. He had no place to go. Oh, he could go down to Joe's for a soda, all right, and some of the gang would be there; they always were. The girls would be there, and some of the fellows, drinking sodas and cokes and yelling around, with the juke-box music playing good and loud all the time. They'd be glad to see him.

But where did he fit in with those kids any more? They were a little older than Angie Davis, maybe, but there wasn't much real difference otherwise. They were still in school, still full of basketball and football and the latest jive. They had never been anywhere much outside of Centre Village. They were kids. He was a man.

He started to walk in the opposite direction from Joe's, when a girl came running up to him from across the street. "Oh, Larry, I thought it was you," she said. "I'm so glad I caught you before you left. I did want to say hello."

He stared down at her, and for a minute he had no idea who she was. Then he said, "Say, you're Angie Davis, aren't you? I almost didn't know you. You've changed a lot."

SHE WAS small and compact under the enormous red sweater, and in the light from the street lamp he could see that her pert dimpled face was almost entirely free of freckles, except for an attractive golden peppering across her cheekbones. She laughed and shook her head, and her thick light hair bobbed against her shoulders.

"I guess I have changed," she said. "There's a lot of difference in a girl between 15 and 16—or almost 17, like me. Dad says they smooth out." She looked him over with clear hazel eyes. "You've changed some yourself."

"That's not surprising, is it?" "No, I guess not." She hesitated, and then asked, "You weren't wounded, were you? They said you were invalided home, but I don't—you weren't hurt anyway, were you?"

"No, I wasn't wounded," he said shortly. It was just like a kid to ask such a question. Of course she'd have thought it was more interesting and romantic if he'd come back with a limp or without

an arm or something. She was probably disappointed. If he told her what was really wrong, she might even think it was funny. A soldier with a flare-up of an old stomach ailment he'd had as a baby. But he wasn't going to tell her or anybody else.

"It's something I can't talk about," he said with dignity.

She looked impressed. "What is it, a military secret?"

"You might call it that," he said.

"Oh. Well, anyway, what I want to tell you—I'm giving a party Saturday, and I wanted to know if you could come."

He gave her what he meant to be a benevolent smile. "That's awfully nice, Angie," he said, "but I'm not much for parties of that sort any more. I've kind of outgrown them."

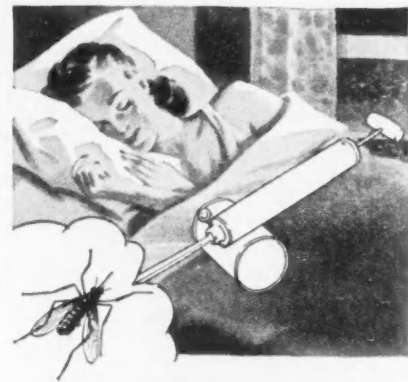
She looked up at him eagerly. "Oh, but your whole gang will be there, Larry. It's my gang now too, you see, because with the shortage of boys we've all had to sort of get together. I'm sure you'd have a good time."

Her eyes had certainly grown much bigger, her lashes much longer, than when she used to stare back at him in assembly at school. It seemed sort of a shame to disappoint her.

"Well, I'll try to make it, Angie," he said. "Don't count on it, now, but I'll try."

She went off happily, and he proceeded along the street rather faster than he had started out, his hands in his pockets, whistling tunelessly between his teeth.

He was very tall and lanky, and the Army had not completely cured him of the habit of stooping a little. He had been almost this tall from the time he was 14, and it had made it difficult to



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help it if Berna jumped to conclusions. "But come on inside," Berna said. "I promised you a drink."

He was relieved when Mrs. Trumbull declined to join them. He went into the house with Berna, and he was sufficiently conscious now to note that it was quite a house. Mrs. Trumbull evidently taught as a hobby, for a year's salary as a Latin teacher in Centre Village could not have bought so much as the living-room rug.

In the immaculate red and white kitchen, Berna said, "Will you squeeze lemons and things?" She turned to him then, and he saw her more clearly than he had in the moonlight. He saw that her eyes were the color of vanilla caramels, and that her hair was almost the same shade.

She saw him more clearly too. His back had been to the moon, and she had seen him only dimly before. Her caramel-colored eyes widened briefly. She stood perfectly still for a second. Then she gave an almost imperceptible shrug and put away the bag of lemons.

"I don't know but what I'd rather have a coke, wouldn't you?" she said.

"Sure. I never did go much for lemonade."

She stared at him, and then laughed. "No, I don't go for lemonade myself," she said, and got the cokes out of the icebox.

They sat at the kitchen table drinking them. "Helen would rather be alone anyway," Berna explained. "She likes to sit in the dark and moon about Len. She hasn't heard from him in six weeks." She gave a pretty little shudder. "If I'd known it was going to be like this, I'd never have left my hole-in-the-wall in New York. At least things are always happening there to take your mind off starving."

"You weren't starving!" He hitched his chair a little closer. "My gosh, that's awful."

"Well, not literally." She laughed. "Though it might have come to that if I'd stayed. I was trying to get on the stage, you see—like 16,000 other girls."

Larry did not know any of those 16,000 other girls who had tried to get on the stage. He did not know even one. Consequently it seemed to him almost as glamorous and exciting as though Berna actually were a successful actress.

Here he was, drinking cokes in the kitchen with practically an actress. It was the sort of adventure that men of the world were always having—meeting a beautiful woman in the dark and being invited into her luxurious home. He no longer felt lonely, groping for his place in the scheme of things. He belonged with a woman like this, a man of his experience. What a story he could tell the fellows if he were back in the Army now! Berna was prettier than any of the girls they boasted about, and she was no kid, either. She must, he thought, be about 23, old enough to

understand men. (She was 28, but she was clever with make-up.)

"You must have been through a great deal, Larry," she said, her husky voice turned soft and purring. "Do you want to talk about it?"

He wanted to talk about it very much. He wanted to tell her what it felt like in a landing barge, the minute before you hit shore, the beach stretching long and empty, and the foliage beyond as still as though it weren't crawling with death. Your stomach got tight and hollow, the way it did when you were pitching a ball game at school, two and three and the bases loaded—only more so. He wanted to tell her what it was like to sight a sniper with his gun trained on the back of the man in front of you, and to whirl fast and quiet, the way you'd been taught, and get him, see him topple out of the tree. Not a man. You didn't think of him as a man. It was like whirling fast and catching a runner off base and saving the game for your team—only more so.

He wanted to tell her, but he knew you were not supposed to want to. When a man came back from the wars, he was supposed to shudder at the thought of discussing his experiences.

So he looked sternly at his empty coke bottle and said in a low voice, "Thank you for understanding. I'd rather not."

"Of course not. It was stupid of me to even mention it. What you must do is forget it all as quickly as possible." She leaned toward him a little and smiled, not a broad smile, but a small slow one, just the tips of her teeth showing between the richly curved lips. "Maybe I can help you. We can go places together—music, dancing, go up to town to a show . . . Diversion is what you need."

He swallowed twice before he could speak. "I guess that's right. I guess—" He stood up and went on rapidly, boldly, "Can I see you tomorrow night? I'll take you any place you say."

"You're charming, Larry."

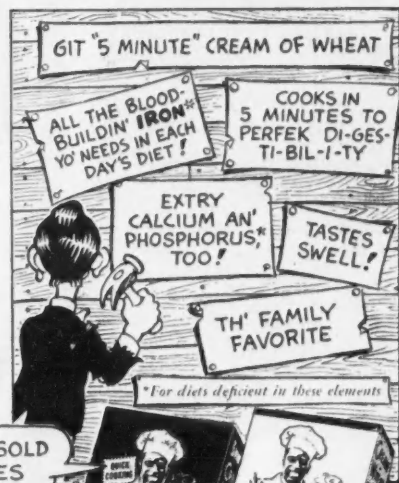
MR. PAULDING had a long talk with his son on Saturday evening. He had, during Larry's not quite 19 years, had many long talks with him, but he had never, even in the matter of Larry's enlistment, got no place so fast. At least then the boy had listened to him, and compromised by finishing out his high school year before he joined up. Now he would neither listen nor compromise in any way.

"It's no use, Dad, I'm not going back to school. I'd be as out of place there as you would. Gosh, you seem to forget, I've been in the Army."

Since Larry had already said this in several different ways, his father was by now more than exasperated. "Suppose you have been in the Army!" he shouted. "Does that mean you have to be illiterate?"

✦ Continued on page 44

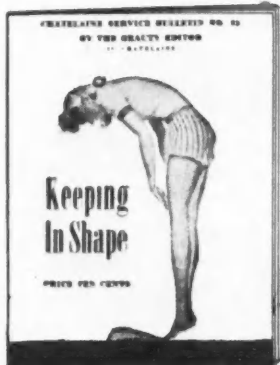
LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP



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"Look what the doctor ordered for my Rheumatic Fever!"

That may seem like peculiar medicine piled up on Jimmy's bed.

But those books and games and crayons have been carefully selected to keep him contentedly occupied, until all signs of the disease have cleared up. He still faces long weeks in bed.

Bed rest is a tough assignment for any youngster who no longer feels sick, and wants to be up and at play. But if rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease are to be fought successfully, it is the best medicine he can get.

Doctors think it is the treatment that will do most to lessen the menace of rheumatic fever—the cause of more deaths among children of school age than any other disease!

Rheumatic fever in its early stages is very difficult to recognize—all the more reason why parents should be alert to its tell-tale symptoms. The most striking is pain and swelling in joints and muscles. The pain often travels from joint to joint and is frequently preceded by a sore throat or tonsillitis.

Other signs such as continued loss of weight or appetite, or fleeting muscular aches, call for medical checkup. They may or may not mean rheumatic fever.

Unfortunately the disease has a tendency to recur, so it is vitally important that the first attack be recognized and treated promptly.

Generally the sufferer must stay in bed under a doctor's care until all signs, including laboratory tests, show that the inflammation has disappeared. He may stay at home, if

circumstances permit—or possibly in a convalescent home.

Equally important, thereafter, he should be protected as far as possible from contact with people who have colds, since recurrence often appears to be brought on by mild illnesses like colds, grippe, sore throat, and respiratory trouble.

Three-quarters of those attacked by rheumatic fever are between the ages of 5 and 30—and of these the great majority are between 10 and 15.

Experiments now being made with small regular doses of certain drugs show promise of preventing recurrence. But even if these prove effective, there will be continued need to maintain susceptible children in the best possible health by regular medical supervision.

To learn more about this disease, use the coupon below to obtain a free copy of the Metropolitan's booklet "Rheumatic Fever."

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kid like Angie Davis, asking silly, personal questions. She just said, "How nice!" Then she shook her head with a little impatient movement, and her hair fell forward across her face. "But I'm not very hospitable, am I? Keeping you standing out here like this. Won't you come in and have a drink or something?"

He followed her along the path to the darkened house in a kind of daze, trying to listen to what she was saying and at the same time to understand what he was doing here with this beautiful woman. It felt a little like one of those slit-trench dreams the fellows had always talked about in the Army, except that he was perfectly sure he was not in a slit trench.

"Isn't it strange that you should have stopped just at this gate?" she was saying. "My sister and I have been sitting here on the porch in the dark all evening, and I kept telling her that if something exciting didn't happen soon I'd die. It's fate, don't you think?"

He could not think. A feeling like slow electricity went through him at her suggestion that he was something exciting, and he made in response a sort of sound that could not have been intelligible.

"This is my sister," she said, as they reached the porch. "Helen Trumbull. Mrs. Trumbull." She emphasized the Mrs. ever so slightly, and then added, "Her husband's in the Navy, so I've come here to live with her for the duration. Helen, this is—"

She paused, groping for his name, but he was speechless, staring through the darkness at the plump figure on the glider. He could not see her face, and a momentary wild hope rose in him that it was another Mrs. Trumbull, but then she laughed, and there was no mistaking that short chill laugh.

"It's Lawrence Pauling, isn't it?" she said. "There couldn't be two such bean poles in Centre Village."

HE ALMOST said, "Yes, ma'am," but he caught himself in time to bite off the second word. It seemed to him that the ensuing silence lasted several hours, during which he waited, agonized, for her to tell Berna in detail about his foolish maunderings in Latin class—about the time she walked into the cloakroom and found him and Si Jenkins putting limburger cheese into Hubert Weston's coat pocket—and the time he translated, "O tempora! o mores!" into "Fie on an evil age and its corrupt customs!" and the brighter element in the class roared, though he was only repeating what it said in his pony—and the time . . .

But it was actually only a minute or two before Berna said, "So you two know each other. I might have guessed, of course, in a small town."

"Lawrence was in my Latin class," Mrs. Trumbull said. After another terrible hiatus she added, "A long time ago."

Larry could have kissed her. He had always considered her and her dead language inventions of the devil, but now he almost loved them both. She had not made him appear ridiculous and childish to her beautiful sister. She had, in fact, given him added stature with the words, "a long time ago."

"Yes indeed," he said, speaking quite easily now. "Those were the good old days! I've certainly been around since then."

"He was wounded overseas, you know," Berna supplied. "He's been sent home for good."

Larry did not dispute this. He saw no reason to do so. Surely he couldn't

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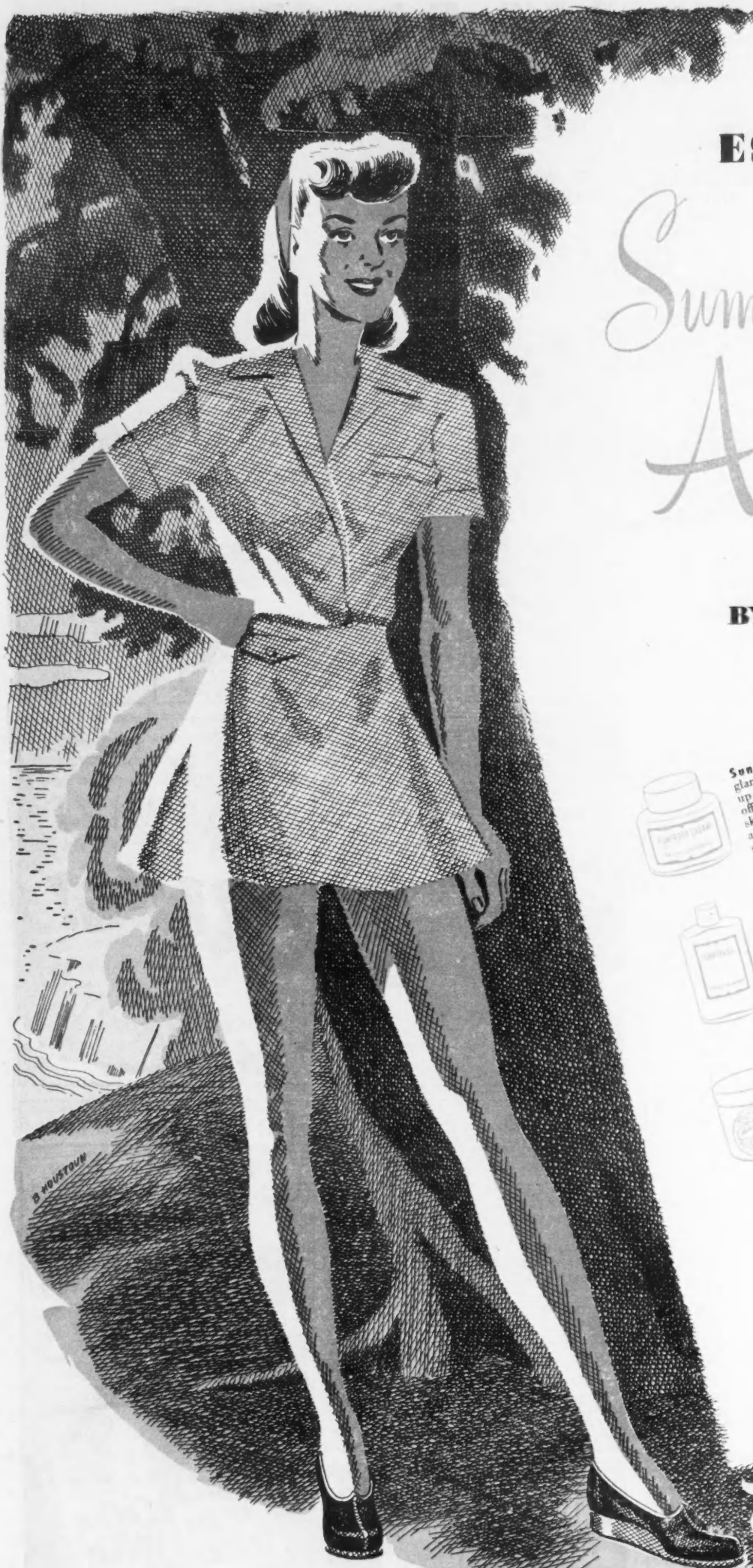


Pagano

Bare, Brown & Beautiful

by Adele White, Beauty Editor

"Oh, the girls are lovely by the seashore!" The man who wrote the song certainly had his eyes about him, because the girls in this country are better looking in the summer than at any other time—perhaps because in warm weather we see more of 'em! Could be. And one of the greatest eye magnets is legs. Long legs, short legs, thin legs and shapely legs—the size doesn't matter nearly + Continued on page 33



ESSENTIALS FOR

Summer Loveliness And Comfort

BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Sunproof Cream—A glamorous, scented make-up foundation that wards off sunburn . . . guards skin against the burning actinic rays of summer sun. 2 oz. .85.

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Helena Rubinstein

126 BLOOR ST. W. TORONTO



Angela Lansbury's youthful charm is here emphasized by restraint in the use of beauty aids. There's the merest suggestion of eye make-up; her mouth follows its natural lines, upswept hair lengthens her face.

a Good Thing



Gather round now and let's watch the maestro at work. On this side of the page he accentuates the natural and eliminates the artificial in make-up. He alters hair styles to flatter faces. You can see by their expressions that his erstwhile victims are in a much happier mood about the whole thing—and that goes for us too!

Selena Royle, with less time and energy, but more care and discretion, looks years younger and oh, so much more approachable, than on the opposite page! She's removed her false eyelashes (and filed them in the wastebasket, we hope). Her lips are soft and natural, her hair smooth.

All photographs courtesy M. G. M.

Frances Rafferty ("The Hidden Eye") is getting lots of fan mail these days and, looking at her in this picture, it's easy to see why. Her sweet youthfulness has been played up. Her hair is built out at the sides to make her face the ideal oval in shape, and there are no frizzy bangs to spoil the clean line of brow. Her eyebrows are well groomed—stray hairs are plucked, but their original shape hasn't been altered. Her well-shaped mouth is emphasized with a lip brush and properly blotted.



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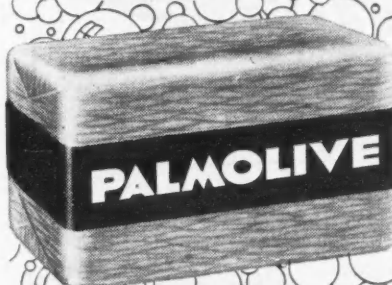


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FROM THE
BOND STREET
SERIES

BY **Yardley**
OF LONDON



Above, you see Angela Lansbury ("The Picture of Dorian Gray," etc.) illustrating the sad case of the doll mask. The unnatural rosebud mouth makes her appear pouty and the droopy hair-do foreshortens her face.

Too Much of ...

Three of our new movie stars consented to play guinea pig for Jack Dawn, make-up artist at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio—to let him demonstrate the ability of beauty aids to make or break natural good looks. We won't blame you if you fail to recognize these gals; they scarcely know themselves!

When it comes to a heavy hand with make-up, Selena Royle ("Hold High the Torch") shows that youngsters aren't the only offenders. Some women, old enough to know better, get quantity mixed with quality. Too much lipstick, eye make-up and a fussy hairdo make mature faces seem older and world-weary.



A common mistake which young 'uns make is to follow fashion fads without regard for their own particular features. The popular chignon hair-do with frizzy bangs is just not right for Frances Rafferty—not bad but not good. The too-theatrical eye make-up would do credit to a queen of burlesque and the accentuated "V" of her mouth gives her small-featured face a rather pinched look. See improvement opposite when her hair is a flattering halo around her face and make-up is perfect.

Bare, Brown & Beautiful

Continued from page 29

so much as the color. They positively must be bare, brown and beautiful, as they flash against white dresses or come right out in the open in beach togs and bathing suits.

That's the way it should be, but alas, alack, there are lots of females who still go in for bare legs *au naturel*—and, believe us, there are few legs beautiful enough to go out by themselves! It's wiser to conceal them under slacks or wear stockings unless you're prepared to learn all there is to know about leg art.

Here is the recipe for lovely under-pinnings in summer.

Smooth as Alabaster

Your legs must be fuzz-free. You can get rid of superfluous hair two different ways. You can borrow the razor of the man in your family and shave your legs. (Be sure to change the blade after using or you'll catch what-for from its owner.) Frankly we don't recommend this method. No matter how steady your hand there'll come a time when you're in a hurry and you'll slice off a chunk of flesh; for days afterward you'll walk about decorated with bandage and adhesive. Also, in the majority of cases, shaved legs only last a day or two before a stubbly growth appears. Another and better method is depilatory paste or wax, which you spread on your legs as though you were icing a cake, then when it dries, as in the case of the paste, or hardens if it's wax, you scrape it off and the hair comes with it. This type of defuzzing lasts from two weeks to two months as it seems to get the hairs right down to the roots.

All-over Tan

Your legs should be golden brown in color. At the beginning of the season it's almost impossible to acquire a smooth, even tan—unless you've got nothing better to do than lie in the sun and toast. But you can get the same effect (in fact, we think it's a better effect) from a bottle purchased at your corner drug-store or any cosmetic department. Summer leg make-up that comes in liquid form is the most fashionable recipe for feminine leg lure. It's a perfect boon in hot sticky weather when even the sheerest silk stockings feel like woollen blankets on your legs. What's more, you don't have to worry about runs in your stockings or crooked seams up the back of your leg.

Read the directions carefully on the bottle; shake it well and pour a little into the palm of your hand; with quick long strokes blend evenly from your ankle to knee; then up the sides and finally the back. Make sure there's no dividing line where one stroke ends and another begins. Pay special attention

to the backs of your knees, your ankles and shin bone and be sure to apply the color high enough so that playful breezes blowing your skirts won't show where the tan ends.

Liquid leg make-up comes in a variety of shades from beige to deep bronze. If the first coat doesn't give you a deep enough tone, wait until it dries, then apply a second coat.

As leg dye is made as water-resistant as possible, to prevent streaking if you get caught in a rainstorm, you'll have to lather your legs with soap and water to remove the color.

Leg make-up is getting better all the time. This year it's so smooth and color perfect that it looks like the thinnest gossamer silk on your legs.

Heel and Toe Care

Feet are probably the most abused and neglected part of our anatomy—especially during winter months when they stay under cover and are just a utilitarian stand-by. But their revenge is crushing in summertime when open-toed shoes and sandals are the vogue. A lovely face, slim figure and shapely legs ending up with gnarled toes, disfigured by corns and calluses, is as incongruous as a stunning tailored costume and rundown-at-the-heel, shabby footwear.

With pumice stone you can rub callus spots after bathing and eventually wear them down. Apply lots of cream or lotion to the backs of your heels to keep them smooth. Equip yourself with specially prepared plasters to get rid of pet corns—also get rid of the shoes which caused them in the first place.

When you're giving yourself a manicure, use the same kit to give yourself a pedicure as well. File your toenails an attractive oval shape and paint them a gay color to match the red of your lipstick and nail polish. You'll feel positively *femme fatale* when you look down and see your toes blazing with fire-engine red, lightning pink or Victorian rose. It gives your morale a terrific boost!

Here are a few words of warning. When you apply color polish to your toes, be sure to tuck a small piece of absorbent cotton between each toe as the polish is drying to keep from smudging. Also (bend closer while we whisper this one) keep toes and heels scrupulously clean—use a stiff-bristled nail brush on them whenever you bathe, because in dusty, hot weather, you'd be surprised at the number of grubby heels and toes there are peeking out of air-cooled shoes and sandals. The next time you're standing in a crowded car or bus or on a street corner, just glance down and see if we aren't right.

Before the magic moment arrives for you to take off on your happy holiday, have your legs and your feet in first-class condition, so that when they come out in the open they'll be inspection perfect! ♦

KEEP THAT HALO SHINING

Alive-looking glossy hair is a symbol of health and beauty. A dead give-away when you're feeling below par is the condition of your topknot—it becomes drab, stringy and lustreless. It needs special home treatment. In our booklet, "How to Care for Your Hair," Chatelaine's Beauty Editor deals with all types of hair and scalp problems—you'll find yours among them, we know, and you'll find practical suggestions for home care.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Service Bulletin No. 16. Price, 10 cents.

Order from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

new
Cutex shade

Schiaparelli Interprets New

Proud Pink



"Proud Pink"—intense new pink for triumphant fingertips! Schiaparelli captures the pulsing excitement of this lovely Cutex shade with a fabulous-skirted, proudly beautiful evening coat. Famous for her dramatic sense of color, France's noted designer sponsors sparkling Cutex shades to electrify the fashions in her latest Paris collection!



Try and find a lovelier
polish at any price

I SAID I'M SORRY... BUT IT'S STILL TRUE!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT, NANCY! JOHN WOULD NEVER SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT ABOUT ME!

BUT HE DID, AUNTIE SUE! I HEARD HIM! HE SAID YOU OUGHTA GO TO THE DENTIST'S ON ACCOUNT HE SAID BAD BREATH WAS A—A REGULAR BUTZ TO BUSS!

AUNT SUE SEES HER DENTIST!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN AN UNCLE?

NO, BUT I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE, NANCY... IF YOUR AUNT SUE HERE WOULD ONLY SAY... "I DO!"

COLGATE'S MAKES TEETH ACTUALLY SPARKLE—GIVES TRUE BRILLIANCE TO YOUR SMILE!

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

25c 40c

COLGATE'S Nylon TOOTHBRUSH

Full size brush • Non-soggy • Nylon bristles shaped to protect gums

Special Value 29¢

"Thanks for listening!"—THE HAPPY GANG—CBC NETWORK—Mon. thru Fri. Canada's most popular daytime radio show!

Why I Vote Liberal

Continued from page 13

the welfare of every living soul in the nation. All parties are aware of this growing consciousness, and the need to provide security for all.

The Conservative Party, in my opinion, lacks unity of purpose and leadership within itself. While their present leader is doubtless sincere, will the dominant Conservative group allow that party to become really "progressive"? Never!

The CCF is chiefly concerned with reshaping Canada's internal economy. I believe that, at this point in our development, a complete change-over might be disastrous. The party includes sincere, capable men and women; but not the training or experience to guide Canada's all-important international policy.

Looking ahead to the things which must be done:

First. Every party will use its utmost effort for victory in the Pacific. I am sure, however, that the machinery already functioning with the experience of five war years can carry on more efficiently than if new hands assumed control.

Second. The Canadian people will demand of any party the best possible care for our casualties; and full re-establishment of service personnel into civilian life. The Liberal Party, however, has had the opportunity to develop their plans to the point of operation. Those provisions now in action are far ahead of anything ever tried before.

Third. In conversion from war to peace economy, Conservatives will lean toward special privileges to manufacturing and financial interests—at the expense of the primary industries. The CCF lean toward socialization and centralized control. The Liberal tendency will be to follow a course between these two widely divergent paths. For instance, I am a firm believer in the co-operative movement—as an economic rather than a political development. I believe in co-operation by choice, not by dictation. In reconversion, co-operation must have a vital place. Conservatives would kill it. The CCF would harness it to politics and throttle it with coercion. Under Liberal administration, I believe, the co-operative movement will have more liberty to develop.

Fourth. Far-reaching programs in the development and utilization of our resources have been forced upon political thinkers. Canadians demand that our resources shall no longer be wastefully exploited, but developed on the basis of conservation. The Liberals lead in this direction.

Fifth. In national health the Liberal administration has made great strides—with measures as progressive, I think, as can be put into operation at this stage.

Sixth. In helping other countries re-establish themselves, the Liberals are in a favored position because of their experience and past achievements in international affairs.

Seventh. In foreign relations the Liberal contributions have been outstanding—and pre-eminently above any proposals of the other parties. To expand these good relations already established, I believe the Liberals will go far beyond the other parties in increasing Canada's trade with other nations; and in strengthening all practical ties with our big United States

Continued on page 39



NO DULL DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods

35¢ for 5 rinses
15¢ for 2 rinses



Dissatisfied?

Dissatisfied with the skin you see in the mirror? Don't give up. Remove this outer skin with its stubborn flaws by invisibly peeling it away with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**. The skin beneath is whiter and clearer—so much fresher and smoother. Buy a jar of **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today.



Facial hair off and out with **PHELACTINE DEPIATORY**. Quickly removes hair below the surface. No stubble, reappearance delayed.



Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! I had ugly superfluous hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many things... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It has helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My **FREE** book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair Problem" explains method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also **TRIAL OFFER**. Write **Mme. Annette Lanzetta**, 93-95 Church St., Dept. C-807, Toronto, Ontario.

Chatelaine Fashions

SOME sunny day, any time now, you'll want to be sea-spray cool and honey-brown tan. And decorative enough to have been left on the beaches by the mermaids. For it's an even bet there'll be a pair of long masculine legs in trunks close by . . . this year. Cherry ripe is the gay scarlet border on the white skirt and adjustable bra of this new bathing suit.

**By
Lotta
Dempsey**

Photograph
courtesy of
Rose Marie Reid



Are you in the know?



For a slick permanent, which is a "must"?

- ☐ A skilled operator
- ☐ A cold wave
- ☐ A machine wave

Frizzy flub—or dream girl? That depends largely on the skill of your operator. Her experience, plus a test curl, should decide the right type of wave for your hair-texture. Slick grooming requires infinite care... but it's worth it when it pays off in poise... self-confidence! And speaking of poise, it needn't be a problem any more, on difficult days, if you choose Kotex. That special 4-ply safety centre gives you extra protection, because it keeps moisture away from the sides of Kotex!



this little beach belle—

- ☐ Playing patty-cake
- ☐ Dive balmy
- ☐ Collar-bone conscious

No... she's not warming up for the next Olympics. This chick is collar-bone conscious. And if you have hollows around the base of your neck, try: Standing erect, arms out (as shown), elbows stiff. Swing arms backward, forward, touching finger tips. This also banishes shoulder-blade problems. To banish problem-day discomfort—choose Kotex, for Kotex is soft... stays soft while wearing—so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. That's why Kotex brings you real comfort.



If you're stymied with a show-off, should you—

- ☐ Try to reform him
- ☐ Go smilin' through
- ☐ Make with the icicles

Why attempt to freeze or reform him? Be smart and go smilin' through his clowning. It can be fun—and he'll tell the world you're wonderful! Learning to laugh in a trying situation helps build self-confidence. That goes for trying days, too... when you laugh off "out-line" fears with the patented, flat tapered ends of Kotex. So unlike thick, stubby napkins, those flat pressed ends don't show revealing lines. Kotex keeps you confident!



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins put together

* T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.

Prospectors' Boss

Continued from page 6

spare all the time required. She cited an instance, "A young Air Force man called on me at my home last Sunday. I was in a pair of dirty slacks cleaning out the shrubbery, but I got into a housecoat and talked over his problems with him."

Her big interest now is the Association's Ten-year Plan to encourage men, particularly those mustering out of the services, to go into mining. The plan is, she says, to line up these men and help them follow through by getting them out on geological surveys, teaching them to recognize minerals, and contacting them with jobs.

If it's information they want, Viola MacMillan can give it to them, whether it's on staking a claim or financing an operation. She knows where a backer can get a prospector, where a prospector can get a job. She is familiar with the new properties that are opening up at Yellowknife, in Manitoba, in the Porcupine, Malartic and Louvicourt districts. She knows what mining needs in the way of legislation and is pressing for it. In all this Viola MacMillan is hard-headed as any man and proud of it. It pleases her that her husband respects her ability and her judgment. She likes to hear the prospectors say she's head of the Association, "not because she's a woman but in spite of it."

BUT VIOLA MACMILLAN has more than ability, more than tough-mindedness. She has that rare quality of being able to combine a love of work with a spirit of adventure, with the willingness to take a chance. The early part of her life was hardship and hard work. She was one of 15 children, born on a none-too-fertile Muskoka farm at Windermere. As a girl one of her chores was to truck gravel to the scows at the lake front. Her education was country school followed by a business course at North Bay which led her to a position in a law office in Windsor. There, in 1923, she married George MacMillan, continued to work but not at stenography. Instead she aimed at the big money, started a real estate business.

In the depression the MacMillans found themselves suddenly broke and Viola went back to the straight hard work, selling Christmas cards. After a long lull George got a position in a broker's office. Meanwhile Viola had been dreaming and reading up on her dreams. George MacMillan's father was a prospector and Viola had gone up north with her husband to visit him. While there she met two prospectors whom she was convinced were being swindled out of their holdings. She rushed back to Windsor, persuaded her previous employer to take their case, saw that justice was done. In that experience she had glimpsed the north country, made two friends, begun to think about mining and to read about it.

One day, not many weeks after her husband had a job again and the MacMillans were eating regularly, she made up her mind. "I decided mining was on the books for me, so I told George I was leaving for the North Friday morning. If he wanted to come along it would be okay. If he didn't I'd be all right alone." George gave up his newly acquired job and, owning little more than the car they travelled in, the MacMillans headed north for the shack of one of the prospectors

Continued on page 40

I'm a Salesgirl—

AND I'M BUSY
ALL DAY LONG!

That's why I
depend on

QUEST

I can't afford to offend... and yet I haven't time to fuss. I'm on my feet all day, too.

That's Why I Use Quest...
the Powder Deodorant

A powder deodorant is the LOGICAL answer for sanitary pads. It's soft, soothing... absorbs moisture and helps prevent chafing. And being QUEST, I know it destroys odours completely, safely.

For Other Purposes

I choose QUEST, too... It acts just as fast... just as efficiently in destroying underarm odour... and it can't stain my frocks.

Large Container 35c



QUEST POWDER

The Kotex Deodorant

* T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



CRAMPS?

Curb them each
month with...



25c
per pkg.

COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE!
Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete

Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c



KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

Sun 'n Games

by Carolyn Damon

yet keep dark on the fact that your curves are a little more exuberant than you intended. A dark slack or bathing suit with firecracker tip-offs is the answer.

The young are going in heavily for checks and plaids in their summer toggery. Very cute, especially in gingham and cottons. Plain shorts or slacks with half a dozen merry-Andrew top pieces make a new girl of you every day or so. And they tub like crazy. Those brief white or bright coats, too, are wonderful (ditto boleros) for wear with everything from your morning plunge to a lingering good-night when the curfew hits the juke box.

If you're working up to a big-time two-weeker somewhere that life matters terribly (as opposed to the family cottage in a secluded spot), here's a suggestion for a packable wardrobe:

A short white coat in butcher linen; a beach dress (cotton or gingham or chambray) with a bare back and removable bolero, the latter to pop on for dancing; one afternoon print for church and dressed-up occasions; slacks, shorts, shirts and a bathing suit.

And remember, there'll be men about this summer. And they love to see you feminine and pretty. Those sloppy, loggy, tattered, carefree days are over.

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? ♦



Photo from Tina Leser

Sun in a black bath towel wrap-around bathing suit with side fringe. There's an optional shoulder strap.



SWIM in gay one-piecer, royal blue and white, with bubble-spouting fish, built in bra and drying straps.

Photo from Beatrice Pines

*Come out, Come out,
wherever you are!*



Psyche Pink

AN UNREPPRESSED PINK
IN EXCITING NEW
"SHIMMER-SHEEN" POLISH

More than a new fashion colour . . . a new and excitingly different polish that fires your finger-tips like jewels. International

colourist, Peggy Sage herself, mixed this miracle pink, with

its new sparkle-ingredient. It shimmers like taffeta . . .

full-blown and unrepressed . . . to express

all that is irrepressibly gay and lovely in you.

At drug and department stores . . . 50¢.

Peggy Sage



NEW YORK SALON: 50 EAST 57th STREET

PARIS SALON: 7, PLACE VENDÔME

LONDON SALON: 130 NEW BOND STREET

Jewel by Seaman Schepps
Copr. 1945 by Peggy Sage, Inc.



IT PAYS OFF!

IT PAYS OFF to be tidy..about your room, your clothes, yourself. Whether you're hunting a job or a beau — straight seams, shining hair, that band-box look are important. And on those droopy days it's more important than ever. Helps bolster flagging self-confidence. Modess too is a great morale builder — because its triple safety shield helps keep you safe.



IT PAYS OFF to knit. So keep those needles clickin' — chicken! For the boys over there, for war relief agencies — for yourself. Show the world you can do things — as well as look sweet. And you can do most anything any day of the month — if you depend on downy soft Modess to keep you comfortable.

IT PAYS OFF to be prudent. Double rich malts and gooey pastries make for bumps on the skin. Be a vitamin girl and lap up your greens.

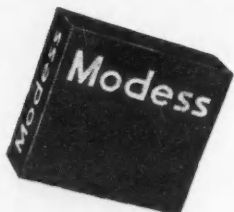
Bumps are most apt to bloom on "off days." Eat lightly, drink lots of water to avoid 'em. Use Modess to keep you comfy and confident.

Its downy filler is really soft.



Modess

SANITARY NAPKINS



Try Modess — there really is a difference.

Open Season for ...

BETTER GET your eyes accustomed to sun spots. You'll be seeing them in all the new summer beach togs—bare backs, open midriffs, slit skirts, high-legged shorts. Everything's designed to get you on the chummiest possible terms with old Uncle Sol and his cohorts, the winds and the water.

—as charming on the more buxom of us as on the junior misses.

THERE ARE tons of well-made shorts suits too—some of them with matching slacks or skirts, some with those happy adjustable waistlines for your in-and-out-breathing days.

And—feeling you need the most out of your holiday this year, without too much time off for washing and ironing—the designers have done some clever things with dark and solid bright fabrics that hold their crispness and their freshness days on end.

There are plenty of variations on the summer theme, too. All manner of interchangeables—bra and bodice tops with shorts, slacks and even long wrap-around skirt effects for cooler days.

What with the well-fitting beach clothes and the bright beach shoes, hats, bags and scarves, it's no trick at all to look as gay as a bird of paradise and



Photo courtesy Nagley

PLAY in easy-tailored shorts with contrast piping at collar, pocket and down sides of pleated pant leg.

Next to the edict for long healthful exposure comes the call to colors. White or bright—or gay exciting mixtures of dark and vivid. There's very little of the old indeterminate in-between stuff.

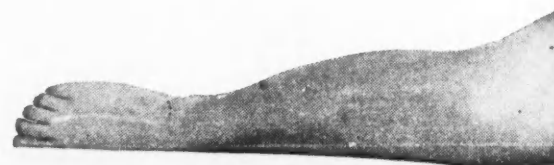
Better get your sun-tanning in early, for white is the biggest news it's been in years. White bathing suits outsmart the others five to one. Lots of them with clever and amusing figures, flowers and deep-sea designs. Crabs and fish and pleasant conversation pieces. And if your swim suit isn't neat and of an all-over fitting this year, don't blame Canadian designers. They've done a pretty special job, with built-in bras, adjustable straps, panties and waistlines, and even some special hang-up trickery that gives your suit a chance to dry in its natural lines.

They've got water-shedding fabrics that are as pretty for lazing as lunging



Photo from Joset Walker

LOUNGE in a spun rayon navy bodice and hand-woven orange and navy cotton skirt. Navy shorts under.



"I'VE GIVEN UP LUXURIES --AND THAT INCLUDES Lost Days!"



DON'T say you can't help it if menstrual pain makes you let up . . . or even give up . . . several days a month. For you can try Midol!

Just take Midol at the first sign of discomfort. See how speedily these effective tablets relieve all three kinds of functional distress—cramps, menstrual headache and blues. Midol contains no opiates; millions of girls and women rely on it confidently, month after month. Ask for it now at any drugstore. Let Midol help you redeem lost days!

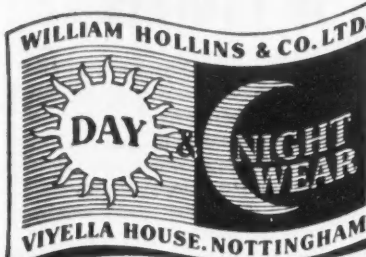
MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR ...AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

* Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK

The 'Viyella'

Trade Mark
that Guarantees
Quality Everywhere

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
LUX TESTED

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

neighbor—without surrendering one iota of sovereignty.

These are the facts, as I see them. On these facts I want to make my decision—not as a woman, but as a Canadian citizen. My feelings are that women, as individuals, must be interested in the things which will help build this nation. In that picture there is no place for division of opinion or effort on the ground of sex classification.

Therefore, careful consideration of the foregoing vital issues leads me to the decision that in this election I will vote Liberal.✚

Why I Vote Progressive Conservative

Continued from page 13

their service and sacrifice to this nation.

The Progressive Conservative Party is likewise pledged to repatriate, at once, men who have served overseas for long periods, and replace them with those who have had shorter service records. Its stand upon "full reinforcements" while any phase of this war continues scarcely needs to be repeated. It says that while sacrifice is still demanded—that sacrifice should be apportioned fairly. Having, as most Canadian women have, many members of my own family in the services, I naturally feel that if the Progressive Conservative Party deserves support upon one phase of policy more than another, it is surely because of its honest and consistent attitude toward military service. We women who support the Progressive Conservative Party are proudest of all of that record.

THE ATTITUDE of the Progressive Conservative Party toward the great economic and social problems which affect Canada is sympathetic and broad in every respect. Great changes have occurred in the world, which are reflected in the policies of all parties, including the Progressive Conservative Party. As one who attended both the Port Hope Conference and the Winnipeg Convention, I can testify to the honest and sincere study which the Progressive Conservative Party has given to Canadian problems. The Port Hope Conference has been called "The Rebirth of the Conservative Party." There, in September, 1942, from every province in the Dominion, sincere Conservatives, recognizing their political responsibility, gathered. Breaking new ground, progressive elements went on to Winnipeg in December of that year, and there the Port Hope resolutions were adopted as the basis of the Party policy, and John Bracken, the progressive Premier of Manitoba, was chosen the national leader.

John Bracken brings new values into national political life. A family man, unlike many of our political leaders of the past and present; a progressive, John Bracken is typical of the new forces which will shape our future. Social and economic problems are not abstract affairs to Mr. Bracken. He has known what it is to bring up a family on a small salary. He has known what drought and low prices for wheat can do to a countryside. Nothing has been easy for him, and all the disciplines which shape our Canadian way of life have had their effect upon his career. No other country but Canada could have produced John Bracken. He is as typical of the eastern countryside as he is of the great spaces of the Prairies.

John Bracken and the men around

✚ Continued on page 79

Scents of Beauty

are Lucien Lelong's fragrant
**COLOGNES and Misty
DUSTING POWDERS**



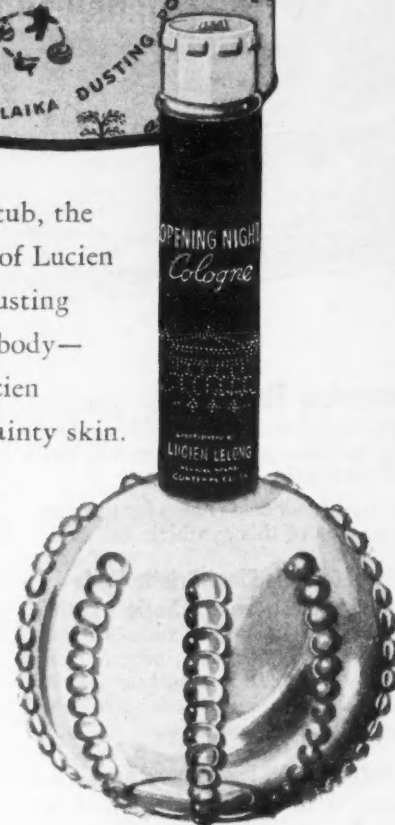
FRESH from a relaxing tub, the lady of charm pats clouds of Lucien Lelong's silky, mist-fine dusting powder on her soft, clean body—turns a lavish spray of Lucien Lelong's cologne on her dainty skin.

Colognes:

SIROCCO - BALALAIKA - CAREFREE
INDISCRETE - OPENING NIGHT

Dusting Powders:

SIROCCO - BALALAIKA



Colognes and Dusting Powders
by

LUCIEN LELONG

More beautiful than ever . . . in

Velva Leg Film

So easy to apply and quick to dry, Elizabeth Arden's leg make-up stays on the legs and off the clothes. Water-resistant. Clings, until deliberately washed away, with a blemish-concealing sheer textured beauty that trims the ankle—slims the leg. Be sure to wear Velva Leg Film with bathing suits or shorts, it makes your legs look sun-burnished . . . far more lovely.

Sun Beige . . . Sun Bronze

Approximately 20 pairs in a \$1.00 bottle.

SLEEK . . . the fragrant cream that removes hair and leaves the legs satin-smooth, 85¢



Elizabeth Arden
AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN



Make Your Own Headlines

Fascinatin' Fascinator—It's an easy-to-crochet stitch, and you can make up this effective summer head-dress very quickly. Pretty in white or a gay summer shade. Instructions five cents. Order No. 80.

SpectacleCase—Been wanting one of those cute crocheted cases for your glasses? An easy pattern, very smart. Instructions five cents. Order No. 81.

Halo Turban—very effective with all your summer togs. Instructions five cents. Order No. 82.



These are exclusive Chatelaine designs and orders should be addressed to Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

THE BULL THROWS MCCARTHY
DURING DOMINION-WIDE SWING TO CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

DON'T TEMPT ME, JOSE. I'M TOO BUSY "STEERING" COFFEE SALES. MORE CANADIANS HAVE BEEN USING CHASE & SANBORN IN THE PAST YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE.

IT'S NOT MCCARTHY. IT'S THE **COFFEE!** FLAVOR DOES IT!

WATCH OUT, SENOR CHARLIE!

IT'S TOO LATE, JOSE! THAT LITTLE COW-GIRL ALREADY HAS ME ROPED AND TIED!

WONDERFUL!

YOU MEAN MY FOUR-POINT LANDING?

NO--THE SENORITA MEANS THE FLAVOR OF CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE! MAGNIFICO!

HALF A CUP OF FLAVOR? OR FLAVOR FULL CHASE & SANBORN!

TRY IT FOLKS! SEE WHY IT'S WINNING NEW FRIENDS SO FAST!

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE
SEAL BRAND
ALL PURPOSE GRIND
ROASTED IN CANADA

Melty-Rich...and Sugarless!

full of flavor — fine-textured Magic's Mocha Layer Cake

Got a cake-hungry family but an almost-empty sugar tin? Then try Magic's luscious, yummy-rich Mocha Layer Cake—it doesn't call for so much as a speck of precious sugar!

All cakes call for Magic, though, to help insure that "mm-m—delicious" flavor—that fluffy, superfine texture. Pure and dependable, Magic makes all baked dishes taste better—helps protect precious ingredients, cuts food waste. Follow the advice of Canada's leading cookery experts—always bake with Magic!

MADE IN CANADA



MAGIC'S MOCHA LAYER CAKE

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening | $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white corn syrup | 2 eggs, unbeaten |
| $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour | $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk |
| $2\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. Magic Baking Powder | $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla extract |

Work shortening until creamy. Add syrup gradually, heating continuously. Stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ of sifted ingredients. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add remaining flour mixture alternately with milk, beating after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 8" layer cake pans in 375°F. oven 30 minutes or until done. Top and fill with

MOCHA ICING: — Combine 2 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup corn syrup and 4 tbsp. strong Chase & Sanborn coffee in top of double boiler. Beat with egg beater over rapidly boiling water for 7 min. Remove, add 1 sq. melted chocolate; beat until mixture peaks. Shave $\frac{1}{2}$ sq. chocolate in thin pieces over top.

THE STARS SAY THAT PIG BRISTLES CAN'T COMPARE WITH PROLON!



For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end **PROLON**



Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, *none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon*, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

P.S. We also make this 25¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in the Country

Prospector's Boss

Continued from page 34.

Viola had helped. "I knew we could get a bite to eat at Art Wilson's." Viola had no misgivings.

That decision of hers led to some rough travelling. With her husband, her brother-in-law and Art Wilson, Viola MacMillan scrambled over rocks, through underbrush and swamps, waded through sloughs, swam rivers, walked seven miles a day with a 32-lb. pack on her back. Because she knew nothing about geology she did all the cooking—and learned about geology. Through a hitchhiker they heard of a gold rush at Hislop Lake, claimed 2,000 acres which was the beginning of a chain of claims that eventually led to the gold-rich Hallnor, part of the Noranda property, of which Viola MacMillan became one of the largest individual shareholders.

After Hallnor Viola MacMillan could probably have retired very comfortably, but she liked prospecting. "You get interested in a show," she explains. "You clean the moss off it, size it up, see if it will kick." To the outsider that means you study geological conditions, have the rock assayed. If it kicks you stay with it, if not you leave it and go on to something else. And, Viola explains, there's no hurry. "Mining's not like the fruit business that's going to spoil overnight." To prospectors her best advice is "Don't try too hard. Always realize there's another day, and

maybe your luck will be much better."

Although she herself has never made a rich strike, like every other prospector she still has hopes and even if she didn't she'd probably go along for the trip. "Prospecting's not as hard as it used to be," she says. "Now there are roads and planes and you can take foodstuffs." Another phase that has improved from Viola's point of view is "I don't do all the cooking, that's understood. One thing about prospecting, everybody helps." Today they take along a portable stove and have full-course meals winding up with a chocolate pie by Viola, but it wasn't always that way. "One of my most upsetting experiences," she tells, "was being invited to tea in the shack of a prospector who had 11 dogs and boasted that he never had to wash a dish. If the dogs didn't get them clean the first time he put a little more grease on the dirty spots and let them lick them some more. My husband told the prospector that he himself never drank tea, but that I lived on it and would be awfully pleased if he'd make me a pail of tea, so I had to drink it while George sat back and watched me."

That was 10 years ago and this year Viola told that story over the radio, mentioning no names. Immediately following the broadcast she took the train for Kirkland Lake, met the prospector with the dogs who'd heard her broadcast, recognized himself, and was not hurt as she'd feared, but proud and pleased. That's the sort of thing that makes Viola like prospectors. "They're sweet fellows," she says.

✦ Continued on page 47



Beach Sandals in Crochet

MATCH YOUR MOOD—or your smart new bathing togs—with a pair of these gay beach sandals you can crochet now at home. Above, an open-work pattern especially smart in white. Instructions 5 cents; Order No. 83. Below, close crocheted sand slippers with smart open-toed effect. They'd be wonderful in a bright color. Instructions 5 cents; Order No. 84. Order from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.





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AMONG your friends one or two may still have vague ideas or wrong ideas about Tampax. You will be doing them a kindness by explaining the real facts about this internal method of monthly sanitary protection.

BEGIN BY TELLING your friend how Tampax banishes pins, belts and external pads—how odor cannot form and sanitary deodorant is not needed.

ALSO EXPLAIN how Tampax can cause no bulges or ridges under any costume—how it is really invisible in use and can even be worn in a tub or shower.

THEN SHOW HER WHY Tampax brings about all these improvements—its invention by a doctor, its internal absorption principle, its all-cotton construction, its tremendous absorbency, its patented applicator that makes insertion so quick and easy.

SEND HER OUT TO BUY Tampax at a drug store or notion counter, where it is sold in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super and Junior. A whole month's supply will slip into her purse, while the Economy Box contains 4 months' average requirements. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.

3 absorbencies { REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED
Brampton, Ont.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

☐ REGULAR ☐ SUPER ☐ JUNIOR

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Not Meg. The months hadn't helped her looks. They had thinned her down and made her tired, that was all. The fine phrases she had planned on saying when he came back and realized how he had been fooled into marriage were taunting her now. "War hysteria, you know. Our marriage didn't last." That sort of thing.

Because she had read too many books, her mind began playing hateful tricks on her. Perhaps he was badly wounded. Perhaps he would need her care so desperately . . . Perhaps . . . perhaps he was blinded . . .

She grabbed for the letter again. No, he was only . . . "shot up a bit. I am right as rain, but they don't want me. I'm being kicked out."

In black and white in his handwriting it said he would be home Wednesday. That was today. It said there would be a wire, and now the telephone was ringing, and it was the wire. His train would be here in an hour. In an hour—and she had thought he might never come back. Oh, why hadn't she joined the Army nurses and asked for overseas duty herself? She had wanted to at one time, but the doctors had persuaded her that she was needed at home. Why had she listened to them? She might have been killed by now. She might have been spared this.

Cold water and soap on a rough washcloth reminded her of what she was first—a nurse. Yes, it would be like an operation. You operated before the appendix burst. You amputated ahead of gangrene. If just once Charlie held her against his heart, she knew she could never let him go. She would hang on to him, jealous and nagging, until he hated her. It would be slow death for Charlie. Charlie, who had to take life laughing. Yes, it must be like an operation. And it must be swift, so that, after it was over, he would remember her as that white and shining something he had imagined.

His train was late, and she had time to make the reservation his wire requested. "A single room," she told the desk clerk over the phone, and her voice was quite steady. When she hung up, she straightened the white ruffled collar on her suit, and went out to wait at the ramp.

Charlie didn't look "shot up," not a little bit. He was swaggering and jubilant, and he lifted her from her feet and gave her a quick whirl around before he bent to kiss her lips. She avoided the kiss by dropping her purse and stooping suddenly to recover it.

"It shouldn't happen to a dog," Charlie said, laughing while he helped her pick up the scattered contents. Then, "Where do we go from here, Meggie? Did you get the room?" There was the old wickedness in his eyes. The wickedness she remembered too well. "Yes," she said, measuring her words primly. "I engaged a room for you. Charlie, I—" but she couldn't go on. His forehead was crinkling in a puzzled frown. The jubilation was going out of his face.

"You're different," he said slowly. "Stiff and starched. What's the matter?"

"It's been a long time, Charlie. It's been over a year. It was all so very sudden—our marriage and everything. I'm not going to the hotel with you. Things change—people change." She was fumbling with the wedding ring on her finger, and it wouldn't come off.

He put his hand under her chin, forcing her to look at him squarely—there in the crowded station.

"I've been afraid of something like this," he said. "It's Dr. Mitchell, isn't it?"

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Finest-ever texture...loveliest-ever shades
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It's a charmer, a four-alanner . . . this heavenly new Woodbury Powder! Made to give you the breathless appeal, stars like Susan Peters have on the screen. New 5-stage blending produces lovelier shades, which never change on your skin, smoothest-ever texture!

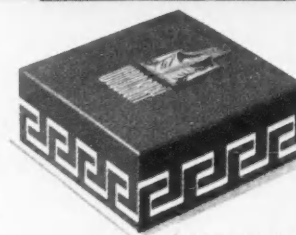
Woodbury Film-Finish Powder won't clog, cake, turn pasty. (All claims have been proved by test!) Never makes your skin look "porey" or "powdery". Just clings like a lovely dream, to help you charm your man! Choose from four, star-styled, lovelier shades today!



SUSAN PETERS, lovely young star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, appears in "KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY". Woodbury RACHEL adds rich ivory warmth to a pale medium skin like Susan's.

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP CHART, which comes in every box of Woodbury Powder, tells you just what shade of lipstick and rouge to wear for true Hollywood glamour! No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder is the new "Film-Finish."

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The superbly fitting suit introduces Rose Marie Reid's new "Semi-Classic" Patented model which has the grace of the dressmaker plus the freedom of the classic swim suit... incorporates Skintite's patented "Miracle Bra." One of a new series of Rose Marie Reid Original Swim Suits which are made available by the lifting of Government restrictions.

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"SKINTITE" Presents the
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SWIM SUIT
"Rose Marie Reid"
ORIGINAL

42 — Chatelaine, June, 1945

People Are Like That

Continued from page 15

She was pleased, however, with the neat suit and hat she had bought in a hurry, and the snowy frill to her blouse. She wished her pretty sisters could have been there. She wished also that the nurses, gossiping back at the hospital, could have been witnesses. She knew what they were saying... Charlie had brain concussion, not measles... Meg had used a secret drug... a booby trap... All right, let them talk. She had the ring on her finger, and the right to sign her name Mrs. Charlie, no, Charles Wilson.

Although Meg did not consciously do so, she looked on the four days of her honeymoon the way she did an outside case. You took your little bag and went to live in a house—sometimes a big one, sometimes a little—and for the length of your time, you were a part of that household. You gave everything you had: your skill, your cheerfulness, your enthusiasm, and even some of your heart.

But when you left, that was the end; that was all there was to it. The difference this time was that the household consisted only of herself and Charlie in a lake front hotel and, definitely, she was going to take something away with her. Memories to store. Like the first doll she ever owned, or the time she got the silver medal for an essay, or the day of her graduation. Something to put away in a box or the back of her mind, and then go on with her nursing.

Charlie wasn't storing anything. He was happily living up to the top of every minute of the four days and nights. She knew Charlie would always live that way. Meg's reading had not been limited to public library books, and she was sure that he was completely happy.

Nor did Charlie look into the future—which made it easier for Meg. He didn't talk about any little vine-covered cottage they would have one day, nor a workshop out back he might want. He didn't say, "We'll take in all the shows... We'll have three kids and a car... We'll come back here on our vacations." No, the present hour seemed to satisfy Charlie.

Except for the one time, and Meg put that out of her mind quickly. It was too slight to build anything on, in fact, it was just another part of the illusion that made him think he loved her. She would bring it out later and have it to remember when everything was over.

They were sitting on a bench at the edge of the cliff, and Meg was wearing the suit with the snowy frilled blouse she had worn at her wedding. There was a moon, not quite round, casting a light path on the water, casting shadows on the cliff. Charlie's arm was thrown around Meg's shoulders, and he was looking down at her. He touched the frill of her blouse.

"Always wear something white like that, Meggie," he said. "Be wearing it when I come home. It suits you. It's like you—shining and lovely."

On the day he left, when he kissed her good-by for the last time, she cried a little. Charlie did too much laughing, too much talking to permit tears. And when he had gone, she got out her white uniforms and returned to the hospital. She had finished her outside case. She had known sadness before when a case was over, even tears. This would be no different. And later, when his allotment came, she put the money aside in war bonds for him. And when nights fell, she took on extra duties until she forgot the feeling of a man's arms warm around her. She found that it didn't take too long, because she had known all the time that marriage never could be a real part of Meg Clark's life.

THAT ALL happened early in 1943, and now it was 1945. There had been letters, streams of them. Meg had taken to going to the library and reading all the famous love letters in literature: the

Brownings, letters of Martha to George Washington during the revolution—letters like that. She tried to make hers sound like those, not copied nor high fangled, just letters packed with interesting, daily happenings Charlie would understand. There was much about the hospital in her letters, and the doctors. Dr. Mitchell was generally good for a line or two. And the gossip of the nurses.

Meg was always a little surprised when a letter came back from Charlie, answering hers. He seemed so like something she had dreamed for herself, she felt as if she were lying when patients would ask and she would answer, "Yes, I've

heard from my husband. He has been in France." Or Holland, or wherever it was he told her he had last been. She could remember his face so clearly, the way he laughed, the way he talked. That's what made him seem unreal. You didn't remember real people's faces, detail by detail.

Then she got the letter from Halifax and everything was different. His face went blurry to her like real faces. She couldn't read past the part in his letter where he said he had been wounded. Charlie—her Charlie wounded. She jumped up and began throwing things into a bag in a frenzy. Wherever he was, she would go to him, take care of him. She loved him. Oh, dear God, how she loved him. Then she stopped throwing things into the bag, and sat down. This was unthinkable, but she had to think about it. Where had her traitor reasoning betrayed her? When had she started loving him? From the very first? No, it couldn't have been then. But when? Oh, it didn't matter when. What mattered was that she loved him now, and she couldn't give him up. But she would have to—it was written in that way. She could never hold him.

Let the People Come

By SGT. HAROLD APPLEBAUM
(United States Army)

When this is done, let all the people come
From all the lands of earth and walk around
The tattered world. Let them be awed, struck dumb
By what they see! Show them the battleground,
The shattered tanks, the buried guns, the stones
Of cities where the bombers passed. Point out
The graves of men, or, where they fell, the bones
Of those who died too slow and did without.
Show them the worst of what there is to see.
Let them be sickened, horrified, aghast,
But let them look and feel and touch and be
Aware that Future's signpost is the Past,
That these might happen soon again. Let these
Be War's last great advertisement for Peace!



fine and
soft and
smooth

Nightgowns, slips and panties—
tenderly soft against your skin—lovely
to wear for their luxury-smoothness.
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SUPERIOR SILK MILLS LTD., PRESCOTT, ONTARIO

was holding. "Never mind," she said.
"We'll sit this one out."

They sat all of them out, and she was
very sweet about it, but Larry felt like a
dope. He might have known that a
lovely, poised, mature woman such as
Berna wouldn't be any jitterbug. Only
kids did that fool kind of dancing. He'd
have to hurry up and learn to dance her
way.

"I've been away so long," he said. "I
haven't been able to keep up with
things." She did not know he had been
in the Army only a little more than a
year so it was safe to add, "You see, I
was pretty young when I joined up."

"Were you really?" She looked at
him with her large slanting tan eyes,
and leaned toward him a little, and all
the blood in his body seemed to be
rushing past his ears. "It must have
been terrible for you!" she said softly.

Their table was in a little booth that
afforded comparative privacy, and the
illumination throughout the Golden
Slipper was sufficient only to prevent
accidental collisions. He could easily
have kissed her. The man who stood
nightly in the shadow of the shrubbery
and recited the ardent poetry he had
written would have kissed her.

"Yes," he muttered. "Yes, sure," and
then he turned away and drank a full
glass of water.

He told himself later that he would
certainly have kissed her as soon as he
finished the water, except that just then
the floor show began. It was quite a
show. One night in camp three of the
guys had put on a performance that
resembled it—a performance in which,
because it was impromptu, ribaldry
was substituted for sound humor. But
there were no ladies present then.

Larry could not look at Berna. He
wanted to suggest leaving, but he did
not know how to put it without embar-
rassing her. While he was trying to
figure out some delicate approach, he
heard her laugh. A second later she
laughed again, and put her hand on his
arm.

"That master of ceremonies!" she
gasped. "Larry, isn't he delicious?"

"He sure is," Larry felt like a dope
again. This was no high school kid he
was with. This was a woman of the
world, enjoying a little sophisticated
fun. "He sure is delicious," Larry said.

It was when he got the check that
night that the decision to get a job
became crystallized in his mind. His
father had insisted that he keep most of
his mustering-out pay for himself, or he
could never have paid that check.
Certainly he couldn't take out a woman
like Berna on an allowance. He had to
start making his own way in the world.

But since he was supposed to rest for a
while before doing anything, on their
next date he had not yet begun making
his own way. They went to the movies,
and Berna let him hold her hand, but he
had a feeling she was not altogether
pleased.

"I've been to the movies so much,"
she said. "That's about all there is to
do in this town, for a girl alone. Couldn't
we go somewhere else, Larry darling?"

"Saturday night we will," he said
recklessly. "Saturday night the sky's
the limit."

AND NOW here it was, Saturday night,
and he was on his way to call for her and
take her to the sky, and give her the
moon if she wanted it. He had sold his
watch—his nonmagnetic, nonevery-
thing wrist watch that his mother had
given him when he enlisted, and that
had been through every battle with him,
and that was his most prized possession.

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liant, free-flowing, fast-drying.
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Parker Pen Co., Ltd., Toronto,
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THE ONLY INK CONTAINING *SOLV-X*

all in?

Orange-Crush
T.M. REG.
Bottle

Get Real Orange FRESHNESS

It's made with Real Orange Juice

Ask for Orange-Crush in the famous krinkly bottle... at the cooler, when you want to refresh between jobs... in the handy carton to take home for the family. It's the healthful true fruit drink, containing the real juice of California oranges sun-ripened on the trees.

it? He gets into every letter. Dr. Mitchell this, Dr. Mitchell that. I should have known I couldn't hold you against those handsome, brainy doctors. I told you once I wasn't an angel, Meggie, but it's the truth that I haven't wanted to look at another girl if it couldn't be you—and at times there were plenty around. I've only wanted you." His hand slipped up to hold the curve of her cheek. "I've got you now, Meggie, and I'm not going to give you up without a fight. You'll let me have that chance, won't you?"

Meg couldn't answer. She could only

stand, squinting up at him through her thin lashes. She couldn't even remember to keep her mouth closed so her teeth would not stick out. She could see Charlie's eyes searching her face, and slowly, wonderingly her own eyes opened wide—as if for the first time she were seeing things exactly as they are, and finding a miracle. She could see the love in Charlie's eyes, searching out her love.

Then his arms were around her, and he was holding her against his heart. He was saying, "I love you, Meggie," over and over again. +

Man of the World

Continued from page 27.

"Now Dad, nobody with three years of high school education is illiterate."

"I'm not so sure of that," Mr. Paulding said drily. "But be that as it may, suppose you don't go back to school—what will you do?"

"Get a job, of course."

"And for what, may I ask, are you fitted?"

"You don't have to be fitted for anything these days. Anybody'll be glad to take on an honorably discharged young man."

Mr. Paulding could think of no answer to this, so he rose from his chair and attempted to tower menacingly over his son. Since the top of his head came about to the bridge of Larry's nose, this was difficult. However, he made his voice large and menacing.

"I forbid you to leave school," he roared.

"Gosh, Dad, I already left when I joined up. I can't go back now. I'm not a school kid any more. I'm a man. I've been in the Army. I can't go back to school after that."

"You mean you won't?" his father enquired sternly.

"Well—" Larry shifted from one foot to the other. He looked down at the pattern of the rug, observing that the rose in one square was a darker pink than the rose in the next square, and then looked up at his father again. "I guess so, if you want to put it like that," he said.

He went out then, and walked toward the King's Road to the neighborhood where the men in old clothes burning leaves were not the owners of the houses.

Officially, he had seen Berna Marden twice since that first evening. Actually, although she was unaware of it, he had seen her every night. He would start out on a walk like this after dinner, telling himself that he meant only to stretch his legs for a few blocks, but somehow he always arrived at the Trumbull house. Once there, he would stand in the darkness, concealed by shrubbery, and wait for a glimpse of her. Sometimes while he waited he played imaginary scenes, in which he revealed himself to her and eloquently explained his presence . . .

"I couldn't sleep without seeing you again, Berna. You haunt me when I'm awake; you're in my dreams when I'm asleep. You're lovely—lovely."

"I'm glad you came, Larry. I've been thinking of you, too. I can't seem to get you out of my mind."

"Why try? Why not keep me on your mind forever?"

"Oh, Larry . . . darling . . ."

Sometimes, alone in the shrubbery, he recited poetry, original poetry. He had never composed a poem before in his

life. He had, in fact, frequently experienced difficulty in school with the comparative simplicity of original English prose. But now he was inspired. He was amazed and a little awed at how easily it all came to you when you were inspired . . .

"I met you in the moonlight.

Your hair looked silver, your eyes were bright.

You smiled at me, and I forgot

Everything sad and ugly on the spot.

The world was beautiful once more

Because you said, 'Come in,' and opened the door."

After he had thus unburdened himself and caught his glimpse of her, he would go home feeling intensely happy—happier, in fact, than when he was really with her. In her presence, all his fluency seemed to desert him. He was a man of experience—a man who had been to the far corners of the earth—and he certainly knew how to conduct himself, what to say. But when he was with Berna, he forgot.

THEY HAD gone out dancing the first time. Berna had suggested a place along the highway called "The Golden Slipper"—a place Larry had heard about, to which high-school students were not admitted.

"Fine," Larry said, when Berna mentioned it. "They have the best band around here. I used to go there all the time before the war."

As a matter of fact the band was excellent, and Larry began to feel the music entering his finger tips and going down through his long body to his toes. He began to feel wonderful. He was a natural dancer, full of rhythm and a relaxed, loose-jointed grace. Berna would be great with him. He was sure of it. They would be marvellous together. He'd heard about a lot of love affairs that began because a girl and a fellow danced well together.

She floated into his arms, and for a second he just held her, and she was so slim and light he could scarcely believe it. Young girls were solid when you held them for dancing, their hands warm and sturdy, but Berna was weightless and cool and fragile.

The music drummed ecstatically, and he whirled her outward, holding her at arm's length by one hand and executing with his feet something intricate and yet smooth, something that did not miss a beat.

It was several moments before he noted that Berna was not a participant, but an interested and amused onlooker at the end of his arm. "Nice going, my lad," she said, "but what's it all about?"

He stared at her. "Don't you—?"

"Dance? Yes, indeed. Only we must have gone to different schools." She smiled at him and pressed the hand she

Prospectors' Boss

Continued from page 40

"They live so close to nature and there are not very many cranks in the business—the cranks can't survive among the good scouts. There's not one prospector I don't like."

Among prospectors she is almost the only woman. "A number of them go out staking with their husbands," she says, "but not many of them are interested in the financing end." Asked what she thinks of prospecting as a career for a woman, she replies, "It's all right for a woman if she likes the life and can take it, but don't be a crybaby about it. It's a man's business and I try hard to play the game."

Playing the game means keeping up with the party, doing her share of toting, paddling, rowing. She has also gone off on her own, has never spent a night alone in the open but is quite sure she wouldn't be afraid to if she had enough wood to keep a fire going. One thing she's specially proud of is being able to split a core, that is slice lengthwise through the core brought out by the diamond drill and later assayed. She is proud too, that she has never been refused permission to go underground in any mine.

THE WORK Viola MacMillan does as president of the Prospectors and Developers Association is entirely voluntary. "I do it because I'm keenly interested," she says, "and anxious to make any contribution I can." Viola MacMillan made her contribution for three years as secretary-treasurer and is

now on her second term as president. She has made more than 30 broadcasts, has arranged lecture tours from Montreal to Vancouver, arranged with the University of Toronto Extension Department to give a course in prospecting. "This year we had 42," she says, "But we expect a much heavier enrollment in the fall with men back from overseas." These courses are part of the Ten-year Plan through which the Association hopes to provide employment for thousands. "What we need now," Mrs. MacMillan states, "is for the Government to release technical men to help get ready for postwar work—it's a long way between finding an ore body and getting ready for employment." Besides technical men Viola MacMillan is firmly convinced that the mining industry needs the brokers. "Prospectors don't make mines," she asserts with finality. "Somebody's got to have the nerve to put up the money and sell the stock."

Because she takes this panoramic view of mining, Mrs. MacMillan thinks every Canadian should be mine-conscious. For the younger generation she's trying to have a national mining day established sometime in the spring of the year when the prospectors are setting out, a day when every teacher will teach something about mining. With the present generation she has worked hard to bring prospectors, geologists and mining engineers together, and is credited with quite a triumph, especially in the case of prospectors and geologists. She has also "designed dinner programs and social times to bring out banker, storekeeper and backer." And last spring in Toronto she arranged a dinner and dance which was attended by 850 members of the Association. This is no hardship for her because she loves parties and loves to dance but, as she says, it keeps her exhausted because she's expected to dance with everybody. That she has been successful in her aims was testified by Jack Hammell who said on the occasion of her election as president (which was carried on to the tune of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart"), "This little lady, Mrs. MacMillan the new president, deserves untold credit for what she has done. I know the prospectors probably as well as any man living... and I doubt if any man would be able to accomplish what Mrs. MacMillan accomplished through organizing, harmonizing and getting the prospectors together as she has done."

In addition to her volunteer work as president of the Prospectors and Developers Association, Viola MacMillan finds time to be president or director of several mining companies. To travel as far as Yellowknife where she's going this month to see mining properties in which she's interested. She also owns and manages a 117-acre farm at Sixteen Mile Creek not far from Toronto. "I was born on a farm and though I got away from it I still like it." She plays golf but confesses to being a poor driver. Loves to fish, especially for speckled trout, and always carries her rod when she travels in the north country. She never takes a holiday and looks back on pre-war trips to California and Florida with no regret. "I was unhappy," she recalls. "After the first week I wanted to get back and get to work." She doesn't keep house because she's fortunate enough to have a housekeeper, but if she didn't she feels she could take that in her stride too. "It doesn't matter what it is, it's something to be done." That simple statement sums up Viola MacMillan's attitude to life, probably is the secret of her success. +



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He had sold it for \$30. A man of the world has to have at least \$30 when he takes out a beautiful woman.

He was fingering the bills and looking at the sidewalk, so he did not see Angie Davis until she was right in front of him.

"Hello, Larry," she said. "My goodness, where have you been hiding? Nobody has seen you since you're home. We've all been wondering about you."

"Well, I've been kind of busy, Angie," he said.

"You're coming to my party tonight, though, aren't you? I asked your mother and she said she thought you were."

He had forgotten all about Angie's party. He had planned to please her and go, but he had met Berna and forgotten all about it. Now Angie stood there looking up at him so hopefully it made him angry.

"How the heck would my mother know? A man doesn't discuss his social plans with his mother."

Angie, appallingly, giggled. "Larry Paulding," she said, "you're not 19 yet!"

"No, I'm not, of course," he said, looking at her pityingly because she had so little understanding. "My chronological age is only 18 and 11 months. But you forget, kid, that I've been in the Army. I've been fighting all over the world. I've lived a lifetime since I've been away."

Angie shook her head. "I don't see what fighting's got to do with living."

He stared at her. "I've seen men killed. I've killed men myself."

"Now you're talking about death. That's just the opposite of living."

He turned away from her disgustedly. "Aw, you're nuts!" he said. "And anyway, I have another date tonight."

When he reached the Trumbull house, it was as dark as the first night he had been there. He thought Berna must be sitting on the porch waiting for him.

"Berna," he called. "I'm here."

"You might just wait there," a voice said. "There on the bottom step." It was not Berna's voice, warm and rich. It was the schoolmarm voice of her sister.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Lawrence, I expect you'll take it straight, won't you? You're a soldier. You wouldn't want me to try breaking it gently."

He spoke with quiet dignity. "Of course not. What has happened?"

"Edward Fowler came home this morning, and Berna is out with him."

"She—but why didn't she call me? Why didn't she let me know?"

"She left a note. I don't think you want to see it. She read it to me, and it begins, 'Dear Sonny.' " She cleared her throat and added gently, "You see, Berna's engaged to Edward Fowler."

Larry stood perfectly still, and he was glad now that Mrs. Trumbull had made him stay there on the bottom step, because he wouldn't have wanted to be where she could see his face.

"She should have told me she was engaged," he mumbled finally, more to himself than to Mrs. Trumbull. "A girl shouldn't go out with other men when she's engaged."

He turned away in the darkness, stumbling on the bottom step, and the terrible loneliness swept over him again. Berna had made a fool of him. He had thought he belonged with her, but now he knew he didn't belong anywhere any more.

"Lawrence!" Mrs. Trumbull's voice reached him before he got to the gate, softer than he had ever heard it. "Lawrence, your class is studying Virgil now. You'll be a little behind when you come back to school, so if you wish—just to help you, of course, until

you catch up with your work—I can tell you where to get a really good, reliable—er—pony."

He was going to say that he wouldn't be back to school, but he didn't. The thought of Virgil gave him a scared feeling, but it was a familiar, almost soothing kind of scare. He just thanked Mrs. Trumbull and went away. He walked back across town, and long before he got to the Davis' house he heard the music, and he knew they had pulled the gramophone out to the sun parlor and were dancing on the terrace.

The girls had on enormous sweaters and little short skirts and little short socks and moccasins that made soft floppy sounds on the floor as they danced, and the boys wore loud-checked shirts and unpressed slacks and moccasins like the girls. There were sandwiches on a big table, mountains of them, with bottles of soft drinks in rows around them. In the doorway Mr. and Mrs. Davis stood watching the dancing, smiles all over their faces.

Larry began to feel the music, first in his finger tips, then all through his long body, down to his toes. He grabbed Angie away from her partner. She was nice and solid to hold, her hand warm and sturdy in his. The music drummed ecstatically, and he whirled her out at arm's length and executed with his feet something intricate yet smooth, without missing a beat of the music. Angie followed him exactly, her moccasins slip-slipping rhythmically, her hair bobbing wildly against the football shoulders of her sweater, and they were good together; they were marvellous!

"Hi, Jackson!" she yelled.

"Hi, hag!" he yelled back. "It's swell to be home!" +



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"What's that? Don't go thinking about Andy. Cora's a wonderful girl and she has been splendid about his condition. If he ever gets well, it will be a reward she certainly deserves."

Linda blushed and hung her head over her plate for a moment in a childish pose she had not lost. Her mother's manner always reduced her to the status of a 10-year-old.

CORA HAD something of the same effect on her when she dropped in that evening, ostensibly to borrow a pickle recipe for her own mother. Her appearance alone, in a new plaid and plain sport suit, with her dark curls modelled perfectly about her small head, was enough to give the other girl a feeling of inferiority. "Nice of you to take Andy for a walk," she said brightly, folding the recipe and putting it in the pocket of a smart handbag. "Do it again, some time, will you, when I'm gone?"

"You must hate to leave him."

"I certainly do." Cora's mobile voice deepened to the seriousness which had pervaded it these last months and which had made such a good impression on everyone. "But of course he'll be going into hospital again quite soon. Though I don't suppose he will be really right again. I do wish he would let me plan the wedding soon. I'd like to help look after him."

"He's had so much looking after."

"What do you mean? He's practically helpless."

"Yes. You know more about it than I do."

"I know everything about it." Cora gave a short hard laugh. "We girls always realized what we had to face. We knew we should have to live up to any situation that might come up. Andy is my man, whatever happens. That's my war effort."

What a dreadful way to think of him, said Linda to herself, turning away. "You're a fine brave girl, Cora," called out Mrs. Walker from the living room. "Andy must be very proud of you."

Her husband, from his small sanctuary of pipe and papers, looked up for a fleeting instant, and caught a flicker of uncertainty across the faint smugness of the girl's candid face.

"Well, take care of him for me, Linda, there's a dear. He was just saying what a good little thing you were and how unkind we all used to be to you when we were kids." Cora left in the brief radiance of an extensive smile, establishing a kind command of her affairs.

But Linda had begun to feel that she herself possessed some value hitherto unsuspected. She did go back to school at once, feeling old and awkward and conscious about her clothes in which she had previously lost interest. The boys were a little shy of her, inclined to leave her alone when they teased the others. And she had to get off in a rush every morning, fill the noonhour with household chores.

But after four o'clock, in spite of the nagging knowledge of dinner to be prepared, for a number of sunny peaceful afternoons she called for Andy and took him out to the river bank, the nearest beauty spot within their reach. He would be going away so soon that she felt it did not matter if people talked about it. She told one or two of the girls that Cora had asked her to do it, with an inward sense of vague dishonesty about that way of putting it.

Being with him helped greatly to strengthen her purpose. He could tell her of the men with whom he had fought and of all that had happened to them: till



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Battle to the Strong

Continued from page 7

really hard part as I see it. That long monotony of getting fixed up again, and seeing fellows who'll never be right, maybe never away from hospitals, going on and on forever. Girl, there's hardly enough goodness, enough courage in the world, to face all that."

They had reached the bank of the west river. Along the sandy cut bank opposite, the orange-yellow poplars flamed against dark still pines. "It's a wonderful country," he said softly, "and it sure has bred a white bunch of men. But"—and he was suddenly bitter—"I've seen people since I got back who made me wish the ground could vomit up its dead in front of them."

LINDA WAS shaken out of herself. She had forgotten her shyness, forgotten her print housedress, her old blue sweater and scuffed shoes. She sat down on a log in front of him and there were golden lights in her brown hair as she shook it away from her earnest face, and golden flecks in her brown eyes. He noticed a smudge of lipstick across the tender curve of her mouth that he would have liked to remove with his little finger. And he laughed, coming ever so slightly nearer to boyhood with that laugh.

"We do try to do what we can," she said, gazing up at him. "People have to see things."

"Maybe so. I don't know. I'm no hero. Do you know what's wrong with me? Nervous paralysis. Overstrained heart. Faulty co-ordination, etc., etc."

"You need a good long rest." The words puzzled her by their triteness. Lots of people said them, but she was sure in saying them that they were not the right words at all.

"I need to get back," he said, "to get back to them. That's what people don't understand. I didn't want to come home till it was over, till they could all come." He fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette. "Have one? No? I suppose you're one of the few girls alive who don't like smoking."

He liked the way her mouth curled up in a smile. As a matter of fact she had tried smoking, and her brother had teased her about the way she did it and she hadn't tried again.

"People are all persons," he said. "We began to see that and we weren't bright. Not your wife or your son or your ally or even your enemy sometimes. Each one a person in their own right."

She didn't quite see what he meant, but she began to see what he wanted: to be Andy Crewe, not an invalid, not a hero.

"Your mother is a bit like Cora," he brought out with diffidence. People were touchy about any comment on their families. Cora seemed to think it would be possible for her to go on working, to look after him all the rest of her life.

"That's right," she said, after a

minute. "And we have to be people too, complete people."

It was very still beside the river with the profound quiet that belongs to a dream of paradise. Time itself halted and there was something of eternity in the girl's brooding compassionate eyes. No pity. She did understand then, perhaps better than he would have imagined, having to find her own way out of a crippled half-world. But her body was all right now: why had she let it affect her mind?

"You're a big girl now, Lindy," he said with gentle mockery. "Maybe we could help each other."

The noon hooter sounded with startling violence: and from the distant schoolhouse a jet of children poured into the thin mellow sunshine. She pushed him home through the last dawdling trickle of boys and girls. Some of them hailed him, and she suffered his helplessness, strangely becoming straighter and steadier in her own mind. Andy Crewe, pride of his hockey

team, Ice Carnival star. You shall go back, she thought, gritting her small even teeth, drawing unconsciously on the cosmic strength that lies in women like one of life's hidden springs.

Perhaps Andy would regret having talked to her: he bade her a surly good-bye. But she carried a new resolution into the kitchen to contact her mother's brisk impatience.

"No lunch ready? Dreaming again? Whatever did you do to those apples? Left them in the oven all morning? Linda, the toast is burning." Mrs.

Walker, handsome, staccato of speech, portly but well-groomed, looked at her daughter with astonishment as she bustled into the house.

"I took Andy Crewe up the road a little way. It's such a grand day."

Astonishment became alarm. "Where was Cora? Oh, well, if she was away I suppose it was neighborly. Watch that soup, child. I can smell something burning."

Linda took the bull by the horns. "I think I'll go back to school, mother, and take my Grade 12. I've got to take up some kind of work. I'd like to be a nurse." The girl's heart beat hard.

"A nurse! Why, my dear Linda, would you even pass your medical? And the examinations! Quite hard. You used to be—"

"Pretty slow. I know." Linda served the soup with hands that she tried to keep steady. "But I'll try to make it anyway."

"Well, if you are set on it, I suppose we can manage. When the war is over, I'm liable to have to go back to keeping house." Mrs. Walker stopped short in her thoughts, horrified at their possible implications. But Linda had not complained before. Perhaps she should have had a larger allowance. Allowance—no doubt it was a salary she wanted when other girls were making so much. The mother resented this shattering of the orderly routine of their little life, and was annoyed with herself for resenting it.

"I'm not a child any longer, mother."

DESIGN

By WINNIFRED ARIEL WEIR

+

I wonder if the flowers know
How children love to watch them
grow.

And if the busy ant's aware
How children love to stand and stare,

I wonder if stars understand
They light the way to fairyland.

And if the gallant butterfly
Knows his delight to a child's eye,

And if a skylark's silver trill
Is planned to give small ears a thrill.

And if a kitten would confess
The joy of small hands' caress.

I wonder if God things so planned
That a child's heart they understand.

And if the little child's elation
Is mirrored joy to all creation.

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1314

1181

Simplicity

1272



1333

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1272. Daisy Fresh. Nothing so cool and fresh as the drawstring neckline and puffed sleeve. The skirt is softly gathered and trimmed with a band of the bodice. An outfit that's a natural for young figures.

1329. Heat-resistant is the midriff-open number with its heart-shaped neckline, rickrack ruffled sleeves and shirred centre front. The skirt is finished with the same ruffle. There are drawstring draped shorts—new and smart.

Pattern descriptions on page 53

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



1329

Simplicity

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the epic pageant of them against the background of the still sheltered river bank shrivelled her own petty fears of life gradually to the withered grasses blowing wanly in the rising autumn winds.

Once or twice she took a lunch with her, and she was hungry, her food at noon being sometimes scanty, for her mother had taken to buying a lunch downtown since Linda went back to school. But both she and Andy were surprised at the strange sacramental feeling that came to them in sharing a package of simple food and fruit.

"Little Lindy," he said, the last afternoon they were out together, shaking crumbs off himself, "you make wonderful sandwiches. It's odd, but I feel like an ordinary human being with you, not a difficult situation."

"That's just the way—" she began, and stopped, coloring to the eyes. "Oh, I'm glad," she added hurriedly.

She looked away from him toward the little town. It was Monday again and in nearer back yards wash lines were flying their fresh many-colored flags, a beautiful sight, but not to their restless youth intent on its own splendid extravagant banners of desire.

"If I could hold that, I believe I'd be all right," he went on. "There are lots of things they can do for you now if you've got something." He looked baffled.

"We'll have a race, Andy." She still did not look at him. "You get through hospital and I'll get through school." She hated the word "school" for its childish insignificance.

"Lindy, your voice is growing up. I bet it's hard to go back. It's always the little things that keep going on that are really difficult." Cora didn't seem the same as he had pictured her. He didn't feel the same either. He didn't know what was wrong, but he supposed it was something in himself.

Linda thrust her hands deep in the pockets of her tweed coat and shivered a little in the waning sunlight. A wind was rising and dry leaves lifted to scamper about their feet: the fall's own impermanence assailed them both.

"We can be friends, can't we, Andy?" She needed a friend. Doing things with other people helped so much.

It flashed through the boy's mind that, had it not been for the war, boys would have become engaged and married later to girls much younger than themselves, to whom they would have felt pleasantly protective and masterful. "It's going to rain," he said, huddling into his heavy sweater. "I thought this weather would break up soon. Just think how nice and warm I'll be in hospital while you're stoking up the furnace."

He had not answered her question: she experienced an acute sense of loss as she scrambled to her feet with her old awkwardness.

"Come here a minute." There was a new sound in his voice. "You see how it is. Having to ask a girl to come to you all the time, not being able—" He broke off, his voice harsh, grasped one of her hands in his, and the sight of his fingers white against her tanned ones enraged him. "Oh, sure we'll be friends if that's any good to you."

There was something in the words of the dry brittle quality of the lifeless dancing leaves.

Linda went to a movie that night with her mother, and as they walked home through the half darkness of the poorly lighted streets, she wondered what it would have been like to have had

Continued on page 52

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collar up against the wind that united with her anxiety. She would send him a parcel. She would pray for him, not knowing what and how to pray. All sorts of disconnected things went through her mind, like Horatius at the bridge and the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike. She had to put her whole self into this to help Andy to get better. And so she knew that she had something for him that she might never be able to have for someone else. But she could spread it round, she said to herself, trying to feel sorry for Cora, losing her visits to the hospital.

Christmas came and went, and she spent part of the afternoon visiting at the local hospital, because it was the nearest thing to Andy that she knew, and because she saw her future self walking down those quiet, strangely perfumed corridors in uniform.

About the middle of January she received a letter. "The parcel was swell. Reminded me of our picnics by the river. Keep your little chin up, Lindy, for I'll beat you yet. I'm coming along; just keep on pulling for me. I'll be seeing you one of these days, when spring comes through again." Andy's writing was not very intelligible, but it looked as if he had scrawled in the corner, "Wear a blue ribbon in your hair." Such a sentence did not and could not mean anything, but it brightened the pages of Julius Caesar.

So through the long northern winter, the hesitating spring: Easter clothes in view, with the knowledge that it usually snowed about that time in April. Cora was home on Easter Sunday, slimmer, smarter, more immaculate than ever. She walked from church with Linda, her cheeks rosy and bright above new furs. "Did you know Andy was coming home tonight?" Her quick dark blue eyes noted the other girl's sudden tremor, the slow flush. "I thought perhaps he wrote to you too."

"Only once: to thank me for a Christmas parcel."

"You know," Cora hesitated, "I thought maybe there was something between you two."

LINDA MADE an effort to recapture her self-control, but she could not speak just then. With a sudden unexplainable spasm of honesty the other girl turned to her. "He hasn't written at all the last few weeks. He said such nice things about you once, and then he wouldn't say anything at all. Said you were the only person who treated him like an ordinary human being. I don't know what he meant."

"Perhaps it was just because—because I used to have a lot of trouble with this leg of mine."

"Perhaps. And perhaps we'll get married this time. What a cockeyed world this is!" Cora had reached her own gate: she nodded over her shoulder.

Sunday was a long day. The skies were heavy with snow, grey and dull yellow. It would be a long time till spring. Was Andy going to stay here now and watch the seasons' slow procession, or would he marry Cora and be cooped up somewhere in a town flat, looking out over roof tops, wires and smoke-deadened trees? Supper followed

dinner, and food sickened Linda. She dried the dishes and her mother went to church. She and her father were alone in the house.

He rustled his paper, looked at her over the top of his reading glasses. "Don't be the girl at the window, Linda," he said gently. "There are lots of other boys. The trouble is that you have seen so little of the world."

"Don't worry, dad." She went up to her bedroom which also looked out upon the street. A car drove up and two men got out of it. Two men, and one of them was Andy, and he walked up the sidewalk ahead of his father. He had no crutches. He walked fast. She went quickly downstairs again. "He's all right again," she said, and her eyes were shining. "He's walking." She looked at her father and thought what a nice face he had. No one had paid much attention to him before, except to ask him for things. His hair was thin and there were a lot of lines about his eyes. No one so old could possibly understand what she was feeling.

"Cora does deserve it," she went on. "I know. She has everything. I'm going to be a nurse, dad. I'll put it all into that." She was all right. She was strong enough to do anything.

Tom Walker had never known what to say to his children. He fumbled with the money in his pockets. "If you want to be a doctor," he said, "I'd like that."

"Thanks, dad. You're sweet." He was touched when she kissed him: he had begun to think that he didn't really like women any too well.

Her mother came home from church, overflowing with the news. "Isn't it marvellous? It's wonderful what science can do nowadays." She did not look at Linda. She turned on the radio and the room, suddenly filled with impersonal voices, lost its tenseness.

Her parents went to bed and she sat in the big chair beside the radio with a book. After a while she said to herself, this is all going to be much easier. But she would have to go to bed now, and tomorrow was Monday again, only this time it was a holiday. She turned off the lights and looked out, and under the street lamp the porch door opposite opened and a tall slim figure came out and started to cross the road alone.

LINDA'S HEART almost stopped beating. Andy was coming to see her for the first time in his life. She switched on the nearest lamp and waited for the knock. She had on a blue ribbon all round her head like a little girl, but she had forgotten then about her hair, which she never had liked.

There he was, looking down at her, and she was utterly surprised, like the day she had made herself go across the road to talk to him. "Hi, Lindy. I was afraid you had all gone to bed."

"Not quite."

"Well, I'm okay."

"That's wonderful. I'm so—proud, Andy."

"Is it wonderful? Cora called our engagement off."

"Called it off!" Their voices sounded

Pattern Descriptions

1333—Teen-age playsuit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 2½ of 35 inch; 2 of 39 inch; 1½ of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1329—Teen-age three-piece playsuit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12: 3¼ of 35 inch; 3 of 39 inch; 2½ of 41 inch. Contrast: 1 of 35 inch; ¾ of 39 inch or 44 inch. Risk rack: 9¾ yards. Price, 25 cents.

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ARRID

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Andy wordless beside her instead of her mother's emotionless commentary on the picture. The blue lighting in the hardware store and the post office, the dark forms of parked cars along the sidewalk, the dim shapes of buildings, gave her a sense of unfamiliar places, strange towns, thrilling and terrible. She shook back her hair in a habitual gesture. She could meet it all now. She could face the world.

Whatever happened, her life had gained her something that she could give, if not to Andy, to other men like him. If they would not have her for nurses' training, she would find a way to train for an office helper in a hospital or sanatorium, where she could talk to men coming in or going out, where she could find a way to do things for the men who might never go out at all. Andy was right: there wasn't enough understanding in all the world to cover the price those men had paid.

THAT WAS the longest hardest winter Linda had ever known, and it was fortunate that she was always busy. She used to ask Mrs. Crewe sometimes how Andy was getting on, for now that he was away the image of Cora came and stood very clearly between them and expressed the idea that it would not be necessary for her to continue her ministrations by writing letters. Mrs. Crewe was a comfortable plump lady with a serene countenance on which a smile seemed to rest lightly all the time. She had never known poverty or sickness or any of those things that give human beings a feeling of doubt and insecurity. She had a perfectly equipped house, a considerate husband and she enjoyed some intellectual activity by regular bridge games.

She had enjoyed doing little things for her son that had brought back his childhood dependence. Although faintly perturbed by his moods, his brusqueness and impatience, she believed with quiet confidence that was not faith but the complacency of her own sheltered existence that everything would be all right eventually. She treasured such phrases as "this too shall pass away," knowing nothing of the tragedies that could lean desperately on such a staff. She concealed a vague distrust of Linda's large brown eyes and increasingly determined manner. "Yes, he's doing pretty well, thank you. He writes that he's much better." "That's good," the girl would answer, always sounding casual.

Little thin strings on which to hang her own struggles with trigonometry and Latin. But her father, waking from a long parental sleep, came into her life that winter with well-intentioned efforts. He helped her with mathematics, and began to take an interest in her clothes, pointing out advertisements in the city paper and slipping her extra bills beyond his wife's carefully planned allowance.

Just before Christmas, Linda saw Mrs. Crewe on the street with an unsmiling face between velvet turban and mink coat collar. It was one of those icy days when life itself was almost a struggle to maintain. "How is Andy, Mrs. Crewe?"

"He's not so well."

"Is he coming home for Christmas?"

"No. We had expected him, but they've sent him down east to a specialist. He'll miss Cora's visits too."

"Too bad. Well, he said he would be warm in hospitals." That was the wrong thing to say again. The fine delicate face into which she forced herself to smile hardened and closed up. Andy, Andy, you must get well, she said to herself, pulling her beret down and her

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Birthmarks, scars, burns, skin blemishes and vaccination marks can be quickly, safely and permanently concealed with Lydia O'Leary's Cover Mark Cream. Lasts all day, will not crack or rub off, but can be removed quickly and simply. If you or a friend have a skin blemish and would like full information, tear out this advertisement and mail with your name and address to Cover Mark Ltd., Dept. C, 54 Wellington Street West, Toronto 1.

of course by the nurses only. The water was regulated so that it flowed ceaselessly in and out, but always kept the tub almost filled. The patients slept and ate while in the baths: they were spoon-fed at mealtimes by the nurse. The nurse, too, had to be on guard all the time to see that patients didn't duck their heads down under water: this was a favorite trick of mine. For some reason I did this every time my husband came when I was in the bath. I didn't know that I was doing it then, but he told me about it afterward. There were three of us who were often in the baths at the same time, and we would spend whole days singing snatches of songs. Sometimes it was harmonious, other times it was bedlam, but at all times full of enthusiasm, a three-tub version of 'singing in the bathtub.'

Other memories aren't so giddy. Can you imagine yourself not knowing whether you are married or single, who you are, where you are or where you came from? It is most discouraging to try to puzzle these things out by yourself, and it is the most amazing thing to me, to have been in that unfortunate, bewildered state, and to be back home now writing about it. The first few weeks after I began to think somewhat rationally, I asked questions of the nurses, although I was almost ashamed to. I asked my name, was I married, where my husband was, how long I had been there, and many other things. Slowly my memory began to return. I had forgotten how to count, so when I was alone in my room, tried counting on my fingers. It was weeks before I could get past five. + Continued on next page

Embroidery Pieces by Marie Le Cerf



June roses in cross-stitch; so quick and easy to do, decorate this smart little apron, pretty enough for parlor or porch! It's stamped on finest quality factory cotton. Price, 50 cents. Cottons for working, in shades of rose with green, are 20 cents. Order No. 94C.

Jug - shaped bag, 13 by 16 inches. The material is a deep ecru peasant linen, and the stamped embroidery design may be done in one or two colors. Please specify when ordering, otherwise rust with emerald green will be sent. With lining, \$1.50; cottons for working, 20 cents. Order No. 93C.



Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Enclose postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents to cover bank exchange.

Please note: Marie Le Cerf's Needlecraft department will be suspended for the month of July. Orders received after July 1 will be held and filled as soon as possible after August 1. Watch for Miss Le Cerf's new-season offerings in our August Chatelaine!

Short Cut



to lovely lustrous hair!

Your hair may appear dull and lifeless now but it needn't stay that way. For unattractive hair is often the result of dulling film which can easily be removed with the help of Danderine. You simply sprinkle a little Danderine on your comb or brush while you are arranging your hair—that's all. Then watch Danderine bring out those shimmering highlights, add lovely sheen, make hair fairly sparkle.



MEN, TOO, like Danderine. It fights loose dandruff.

Notice, too, that Danderine helps remove every particle of loose dandruff — makes hair easier to manage and waves last longer. Many of Canada's most attractive heads are kept lovely with Danderine.

Try Danderine today. Just sprinkle it on comb or brush as you arrange your hair. You'll never be without it after that first trial.

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

Should she ask him in when the folks aren't home?



It's Etiquet to say, "Sorry! Come again when you can meet my family!" *It's Etiquet*, too, to keep yourself dainty-sweet at all times. Use *Etiquet* Deodorant Cream every day... surely before every date. It's so creamy-soft it goes on with just a light touch!



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Double size 1 oz. jar 39c

It's Etiquet that Stops Perspiration

Etiquet stops perspiration and odour 1 to 3 days, 24% more effective. So creamy-soft, smooths on easily... vanishes at once. Protects precious clothes. Not irritating.

P.S. Men too should observe *Etiquet*!

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A Jumbo Hair Pencil! What's that?...

Well... it's the *biggest* little quick-grooming aid you've ever seen—and the *best* way to conceal grey, streaked or faded hair! For discreet, last-minute disguise, just moisten the

tip of Jumbo Hair Pencil and apply directly to your hair. Available in six natural shades, Ogilvie Sisters' Jumbo Hair Pencil color is a temporary aid.

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queer, she thought, like a poor gramophone record run too fast.

"Well, the situation was changed. She didn't have to be noble any more. And this lawyer she works for seems to have been trying to get her to break it off for years. She said she couldn't have done it if I had stayed like that, if I'd lost everything else. She's a good kid, you know, Linda, a very decent kid. But what an awful thing it would have been, both of us doing our duty. She also said she was sure I would be all right." His dark eyes were boring into hers. She felt herself trembling all over.

"We will be all right, won't we, Linda? I think we've all won out this time."

"Oh, Andy," she cried, "we can do anything in the world now."

"And I don't have to ask you to come to me," he said, closing the door behind him to stride joyfully into the room. +

I Went Crazy

Continued from page 16,

Even while lying in bed the things you dream up are amazing. One day I thought one of the visitors was a magician. He seemed to be letting loose all kinds of mice and rabbits and playing tricks for my amusement; I thought I saw the mice running around the bed; actually all the poor misunderstood visitor was doing was sitting there, trying to talk to another patient.

Once I thought—and this is my most haunting and lasting impression—that I was the Mother Mary. I was in a casket in a tomb or vault and could hear someone speaking to Joseph. There was a skylight which cast a dim light into the tomb and I could see figures bending over another casket. They seemed to be people from a modern world trying to unearth things of the past. I think this belief was born from watching the shifting forms under the big lights in the operating room, while doctors and nurses were bending over me on the treatment table. Another time while in the operating room I thought I had just bailed out of a plane and was dying on the ground with the collapsed parachute enfolding and smothering me.

While in this eerie mental state I was convinced that I myself was the most important figure. Many patients, whom I spoke with afterward, had imagined they were someone like the Mother Mary or Joan of Arc and had important messages to reveal to the world.

CONTINUOUS BATHS were part of the treatment. In the bathroom were three large-size tubs where the patients relaxed in warm water, kept constantly at body temperature. The baths are given if the patient is hysterical, can't rest, or disturbs the others. Some patients remain in the tub just an hour, others as long as a week—it depends on what they need. In each tub and fastened to the edge was a canvas contraption, called a "hammock." When you were "in," it was like lying between two canvas sheets, one under and one above, with an opening in the top for your head to be free. At the foot of each tub a large thermometer was suspended in the water; a nurse was present at all times to check the temperature, and regulate the flow of water, which entered the tub at the sides. The tubs differed from an ordinary bathtub, in that the taps were not near the tub at all, but away over near the wall, and operated

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Don't add agony to tedious shopping by putting up with a corn that pains like a knife-thrust. Get Blue Jay medicated corn plasters. Blue Jay eases shoe pressure and starts to soften the corn at once, so you can remove it, core and all. Ask for Blue Jay at your drug counter today! Costs only a few cents per corn.



BLUE JAY FOR CORNS

sent to a different provincial establishment, this time for insulin treatment. There, the surroundings were so attractive and the atmosphere so much more restful, that I began to recover at once and no treatments at all were necessary. I spent the time sleeping and recovering mentally. The psychotherapy which the doctors used on me at this stage was of vital importance in hastening my recovery. They spent a great deal of time in what seemed like casual conversation. They talked about the time when I would be leaving the hospital for good and be on my own again. They asked questions. Every remark I made—every reaction to questions—every expression on my face was carefully noted. Also, in the ward, the nurses during the day would write down on a chart a detailed account of my actions—even those which seemed trivial but which might give important clues as to the extent of my progress. A doctor who visited the ward each day would carefully study these charts. During my previous loss of memory period, psychotherapy was used on me but I was not aware of it. Undoubtedly, however, my subconscious mind absorbed and benefitted by it.

The second hospital, facing Lake Ontario, has cottages or "wards" overlooking the water. The grounds are spacious with plenty of trees and grass; an important part of the establishment is the large farm with cattle, barns, orchards, kitchen gardens and greenhouses. The farm help is made up of the male patients. Another busy place is the laundry where some of the women work. We were taken on hikes around the grounds, in charge of a nurse or one of the occupational therapists. These O.T. girls do a great job. They wear bright green uniforms with white flowing headgear. Besides taking the patients out in the fresh air, they try to get them interested in some pastime like sewing, knitting, weaving, sometimes ping-pong or bridge—anything to occupy their hands and minds. One French-Canadian woman knitted mitts for Christmas for her large family back home in Northern Ontario. I made a sweater for my husband. There is an occupational therapy workroom on the grounds; in it a surprising variety of work is done by the patients: quilts, rugs, luncheon sets, fine embroidered handkerchiefs, and many other lovely things. These are sold; there is a great demand for them, and the money is used to buy wool and materials to carry on the work. Above the O.T. room is the church. It resembles a Sunday School room, having chairs instead of pews, and a front platform with pulpit and piano. Each Sunday a service is held; ministers of different denominations take turns supplying the pulpit. The minister himself quite often plays the piano accompaniment. The patients enjoy the opportunity of going to church on Sunday.

THE MOST important and interesting function of this hospital is the administering of shock treatment. Both insulin and electroshock therapy are used; and this work is carried on in the "cottage" where I stayed. The doctor in charge kindly explained to me some of the details.

The electroshock patients are treated two or three times a week. Electroshock is a pleasant way to induce a convulsion which lasts about two minutes and rests the whole nervous system. The treatment room is quite bare except for the electric treatment machine, which is black with white

buttons and stands about as high as a floor-model radio. The machine is set to produce about 750 milliamperes of current for one tenth of a second. Some doctors use less current and longer time. The patient's bed is wheeled in, a gag put well back between the teeth, the electrodes placed on the temples, the doctor presses the button. The current passes through the brain and the patient responds by going into something like an epileptic fit. The convulsion lasts about two minutes, the patient sleeps about 15 minutes. The electroshock treatment is simple to apply, causing very little headache or vomiting as in the case of metrazol. One doctor describes it as being about as dangerous as an anaesthetic. It was discovered in 1938 by two Italians, Cerletti and Bini, and was administered for the first time in Toronto in 1941. Since then hundreds of cases have been successfully treated.

On treatment mornings, five times a week, the insulin patients are given, while still in bed and without breakfast, an injection of insulin into the muscles of the hip. Twenty units is the first dose, increased by 20 units every treatment day until the patient reaches the dose which sends her into a coma. Sometimes, if she is not in coma, the patient is in a confused and excited state. The coma is maintained for about half an hour: to neutralize the insulin and bring the patient out of the coma, a glucose solution is fed, either through the nose or intravenously, after which the patient sleeps. Sixty doses of insulin is the limit given; if the patient doesn't respond, the treatment is stopped. In cases where the insulin does not actually cure, it at least subdues and improves the patient so that she is manageable and less of a nursing problem. Insulin has a 50% chance of achieving a complete recovery!

Shock treatments, either insulin or electric, have brought about a much shorter sojourn in hospital. Before these treatments were given, only one third of the patients got out in 18 months; now 75% of them leave the hospital in three months. Some of the patients, before being allowed to return home, are first sent to boarding-out homes which are under the supervision of, and sponsored by, the hospital. Here the patients learn to rely on themselves a little, and in general get accustomed to some of the work they will have to do when they return home—such as cleaning, making beds, doing dishes, etc. When the time came for my discharge I didn't wish to leave the hospital. I was well and rested, but dreaded the moment when I would have to meet family and friends again; so was allowed to go to one of these homes. After a week I was taken home, although I would much rather have gone anywhere else. I am so glad now that I did come home.

It is not easy to face people at first; especially in a small town where everyone gossips about everyone else, but after a while they accept you as normal. After six months' probation period, the hospital sends out a statement declaring that the patient is no longer under hospital supervision.

When I was first home, trying to get adjusted, things looked as though they would never get straightened out. I was afraid to tackle the job of a home and a baby after having done no work for months. It was difficult and exhausting, but I had to learn to do it; and I know that if I hadn't had that responsibility it would have taken months longer to get into a routine of any kind. As soon as I

Continued on page 63

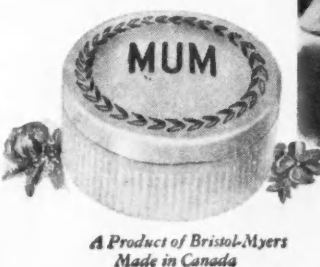
There goes Yesterday—but how about Today?



Your bath takes care of past perspiration, but to guard your future freshness—the word is Mum!

YES, YOUR BATH washes away all past perspiration. But it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor to come. It can't safeguard your future freshness. That's a job Mum does well.

So top off your bath with Mum—and stay as sweet as you are. Don't take chances when your charm is at stake.



Mum is one quick trick that helps a girl to keep her "date" dazzled!

Mum smooths on like a breeze. And takes just 30 seconds' doing. Mum keeps you nice to be near—its protection lasts all day or evening. No risk of offending odor now. And isn't it nice to know that Mum won't injure fine fabrics—won't irritate your skin? Every day, after every bath, smart girls use Mum.



For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable. Use it this important way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Shh—here's something
I never told my husband!"



1. I'm proud my husband's gone back to sea with the Navy. He'd already served on the Atlantic patrol. But he's afloat again, because he, and all men with sea experience, are desperately needed.



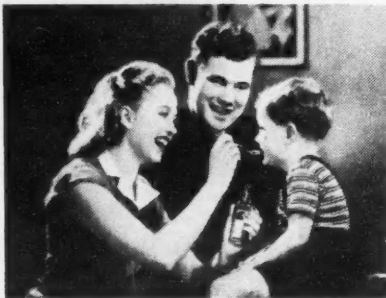
2. While Jim's away, I'm kept busy with our son Billy. He's a happy boy except for his tantrums over taking a laxative. He'd scream—and I'd have to force it down him.



3. One day a neighbor heard about it and said, "I wish you'd told me you had this trouble. My doctor told me never to force bad-tasting laxatives on my children."



4. "So I give them Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It's effective, but never harsh or griping. And it tastes so good, they love it. Billy will, too!"



5. Next time Jim was in port, he saw Billy take Castoria and love it! "You're a smart mother!" he grinned at me. I smiled, looked wise, and said, "Thanks!"



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

THE DAY finally came when I recognized my husband. He had been making weekly visits for months and I had not known him. I used to think he was the devil. I didn't fight with him—I simply ignored him, and when he brought me presents I would give them away. I began to look forward to seeing him on visiting days, and became interested in getting home. I started to take an interest in my appearance—I wanted to have my hair shampooed and curled. I used lipstick and powder for the first time since my illness. (This is considered a very hopeful sign of recovery in women.) The hospital became almost unbearable to me then and seemed like prison, so dismal and sordid.

I had one definite grievance, a just one, too. It was this: the only outside recreation was to mill around with the other patients in a small square enclosure or courtyard where the grass had been tramped to extinction. The only difference between the patients and a herd of cattle in a corral was that the patients wore gingham dresses. No, perhaps it wasn't quite as bad as that but it was very depressing and didn't help the mental state at all. I hope some day this will be changed. It was noisy, too; some of the patients had a colorful vocabulary, and exercised it freely. I noticed the noise more as I recovered. To be constantly in the company of those who were in a worse state than I was humiliating.

From my experience I feel that it isn't actually the fact that you've been in a mental hospital that makes it hard to face the people back home; it is the mortification of being herded about, put off, and kept in the dark about your own affairs; every door is locked, except your own room and the washrooms; to escort you outside or anywhere in the building the nurse has to unlock at least three doors, sometimes many more; she keeps the keys on a ring. I realize this is necessary, but it can't help creating in you a feeling of inferiority and of being untrustworthy. This is the sort of thing that leaves you without confidence in yourself and makes you doubtful of others.

The doctors decided to let me out on probation. I went home with my husband, who was on vacation, and who was with me every minute. He took me to see our baby, now five months old, who was being looked after by the mother of one of my friends. He was getting the best of care, and looked healthy and happy; but I couldn't get myself interested in him at all. He seemed to be someone else's baby, not my own, so I didn't go to see him very often. Instead I tried hard to get used to normal living again. It was wonderful to be home and see familiar faces; but I would get so emotionally upset and excited during the day that I couldn't sleep at night. We were staying at my cousin's, who lives on the town's main street. One time after lying awake until two in the morning, I decided to go out to get some fresh air. Everyone was sleeping, so I slipped out and was standing under a street lamp in front of the house, clad only in a silk negligee, when I was discovered by an old friend on his way home from a party. He persuaded me to go back into the house. Afterward I wondered who was in the worse state, he or I! I did silly things like this, positive at the time that I was acting perfectly natural.

I was home a week but had to go back. The change was too radical, and I wasn't quite ready. When I returned to hospital I was quite ill again, and was



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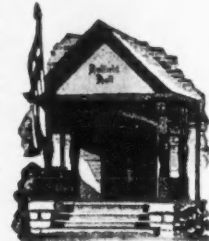
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Christie L. Douglas, Architect

Eye-Appeal Does Count!

by John Caulfield Smith, Technical Editor

WHAT are the attributes of a well-designed house? Economy, livability and beauty—economy in cost of construction and upkeep; livability through complete satisfaction of dwelling needs; beauty by reason of attractive appearance.

Of these three, no single quality is more important than the others. The same emphasis must be given each. If you're poverty-stricken because of excessive

maintenance charges, what matter if your residence is livable or beautiful? Or suppose it's economical to own; does that make up for inadequate facilities for family life or an appearance that jars on your finer sensibilities? *An equalized relationship of all three qualities is necessary before a house can be considered well-designed.*

The factor of economy has been accentuated in

recent years. Savings are a legitimate object and, if income taxes are continued at their present level, will assume even greater importance in future. They may be realized either one of two ways; by insisting on good construction or by permitting shoddy construction. Despite apparent contradiction this statement is perfectly true! With shoddy building you pay a smaller first cost, but a high figure for upkeep. In return for a slightly larger first cost, good construction relieves you of this heavy maintenance burden. Over a long period of time the latter method saves infinitely more.

You may ask, "Is there no other way to economize? I've read about various new gadgets and miracle homes proposed for after the war—won't they cost less?"

The remarkable devices reported on their way are

OPPORTUNITIES for ALL

YOUR Liberal Government under Mackenzie King has taken practical steps to see that every Canadian after the war shall have a wide-open chance to make a real success of his life. It can be done by giving everybody the opportunity to get ahead faster and go further.



That includes returned men, farmers and fishermen, factory workers and people in business and children—every Canadian!

Isn't that what you want—a chance to make your own way IN your own way?

Here are definite, practical steps which the Liberal Government has taken (not just talked about, but *taken*) to make this Canada a better place to work in and bring up your children.

You will have to decide whether you want the men who devised these measures to carry them through, or whether you wish to entrust your own and your family's future to others.

Every one of the following 12 steps affects your job—no matter what it is—after the war!

1 Reconstruction

Liberal aim: Jobs for 900,000 more workers than in 1939; and 60,000 more each year as the population grows. Every kind of enterprise will be encouraged. The Liberal Government has already set up the machinery: the Department of Reconstruction. The Liberal Government has the man—the Hon. C. D. Howe—under whose direction Canadians have done a great job in the war, and are ready to do it in peace.

2 Foreign Trade

Liberal objective: Sixty percent (60%) increase in value over Canada's pre-war export trade. This means thousands of jobs, and is based on the number of jobs created by Canada's normal export trade. Preparations are under way now: expansion of trade commissioner service; negotiations with United States and United Kingdom and other countries. Liberal policies and trade mean full employment.



3 Credit for Enterprise

Liberal belief: Money must serve the needs of humanity. The people of Canada shall have economic freedom. We are a great people—we are going to continue to do big things after the war. Therefore the Liberal Government set up the *Industrial Development Bank* to provide money at low interest for long terms. Another step towards creating full employment.



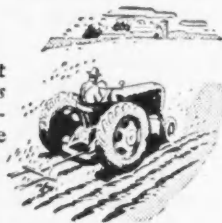
4 Exports Encouraged

War-torn countries will want to buy tremendous quantities of Canadian goods. But can they pay for them right away? Manufacturers can't pay their help unless they can get money for their goods. To overcome this obstacle to employment, the Liberal Government has set up

the *Export Credit Insurance Act*. This does two things: (1) it insures Canadian exporters against loss, and (2) makes loans to foreign governments under contract to Canadian exporters.

5 Farm Improvement Loans

Your Liberal Government has made *low interest loans* available to farmers to finance their work and make improvements.



6 Guaranteed Markets

To provide farmers with a better income under wartime conditions, the Liberal Government made contracts for definite quantities of important products at agreed prices—notably bacon, eggs, cheese and beef. These contracts have worked out so well the Liberal Government extended many of the agreements for longer periods (in the above cases to the end of 1946). It has provided for guaranteed markets and income for Canadian farmers. This increased trade has brought prosperity to farmers everywhere in Canada. Liberal legislation (*the Agricultural Prices Support Act*) guarantees future prosperity.

7 Family Allowances

From July next, Family Allowances are to be paid every month to parents for healthier, better clothed, better housed, better educated young Canadians. \$250,000,000 a year direct spending power in the hands of people who need it most. Liberal monthly payments until age 16 (maximum total per child \$1,224) will give all children a better chance to become vigorous happy citizens.



8 New Homes for Canadians

The Liberal Government's new \$400,000,000 *National Housing Act* enables hundreds of thousands of Canadians to own their own homes. In the first year after Germany's defeat, at least 50,000 dwellings will be built. Low rental housing schemes are included. This means hundreds of thousands of jobs for the building trades and allied industries—many thousands more for people who make furnishings and home equipment.

9 Returning Veterans

Canada's generous plans for enabling returned men to take their place in civil life are now well known. Gratuities, benefits and grants of \$750,000,000 will enable men and women of the Armed Services to apply their energies in building the prosperous Canada for which your Liberal Government has been planning.



10 Floor Prices under Fish and Farm Products

Success in farming and fishing depends upon the maintenance of fair prices. To protect farmers and fishermen, the Liberal Government has provided floor prices under these products. Prosperous farmers and fishermen make a prosperous Canada.

11 Better Labour Conditions

In co-operation with organized Labour, the Liberal Government has confirmed collective bargaining, provided unemployment insurance, organized labour-management committees, approved labour representatives on government boards. More than 600,000 workers, because of the Liberal Government's attitude towards Labour and the labour movement, now get annual vacations with pay.

12 Reduction in Taxation

The Liberal Government will gradually reduce taxation now the European war is over. Taxes will come down to free spending power and to give Canadians every opportunity for prosperity, employment and freedom.

What you have done in war—you can do in peace. You can do your part by supporting the Liberal Candidate in your constituency.

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Now Mrs. Neal won't have the bother of wrapping up this suit or storing it away! She just puts it back in the closet on its usual hanger.

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FOR A WHOLE YEAR

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achieved, the manner in which investment in space is made to yield the greatest return, constitutes a standard by which design merit may be judged.

Almost to exclusion of everything else, function was emphasized by the radical architects who flourished in Europe after the last war. It was one of them, Le Corbusier, who first enunciated the theory that the house should be a "machine for living." This creed, though partially sound, denies the entire range of emotional and artistic responses associated with the home. Nevertheless it gained adherents, perhaps in subconscious protest against the fussy, overornate architecture of the time. Satisfaction of function, assumption that shelter needs of people everywhere could be satisfied in precisely the same way, became the basis for a so-called international style.

Lip service was paid to the ideal of freedom of design, but it was not long before the new mode of building assumed a pattern as fixed as any of the historic styles which its advocates so vigorously decried. Monotonous repetition of flat bare surfaces, unrelieved by ornament or decoration of any kind, soon roused suspicions that this economy of means masked mediocre, unimaginative talent.

Ralph Walker, former president of the Architectural League of New York, has stated: "Many types of modern housing, especially as were those developed in Germany, help further in developing a mass-mindedness already in evidence." Psychologically, a high water mark in insensitiveness, one shortsighted, lacking in curiosity and easily led to its own destruction, was inevitably reached. "How could it be otherwise with visual horizons circumscribed by harsh horizontal lines indistinguishably long, somewhat reminiscent in their barrenness to our conception of a prison? Insectlike cells without possibilities of achieving personality can only end in communities of human robots."

Proof that the functional trend has not fully run its course is given on the pages of any recent American architectural magazine. Believing the plan means everything, the exterior nothing, revolutionary architects are producing weird caricatures of houses. Rambling, boxlike structures are shown finished in rough, unpainted boarding. Windows are gaping holes, roofs are jammed on at crazy angles. Confusion and bewilderment are blended in restless ugliness. By no stretch of the imagination can such horrors be considered homes.

In the past the design of Canadian dwellings has been greatly influenced by architectural developments in the United States. Our present vogue for Colonial originated there. It is deservedly popular because it is suited to native conditions. But our borders should be closed to imports of alien derivation, however satisfactory as to plan, that offer ugliness instead of beauty.

Different people have, of course, different ideas as to what constitutes attractiveness. But, as the result of long experience, there exist well-established rules relating to such matters as composition and proportion, texture and color, in architectural design. Evolved over centuries of trial and error, they have survived in building because their observation yields a pleasing appearance. We would do well to explore this path of precedent, so consistent with our culture, before dashing off into strange uncharted territory.

Eye appeal, every bit as much as economy and livability, does count!+

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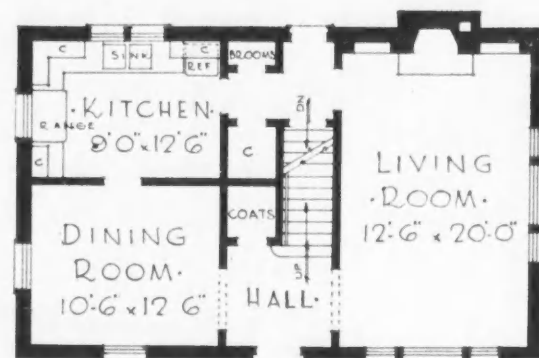
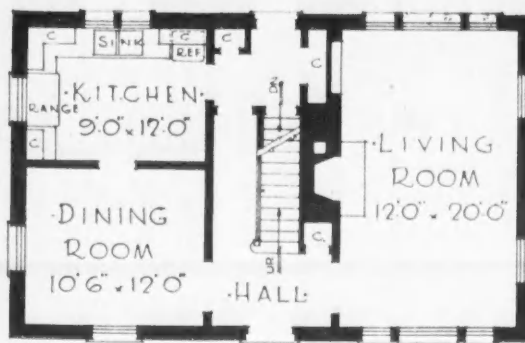
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VINEGAR**

*White, Cider
and Malt*



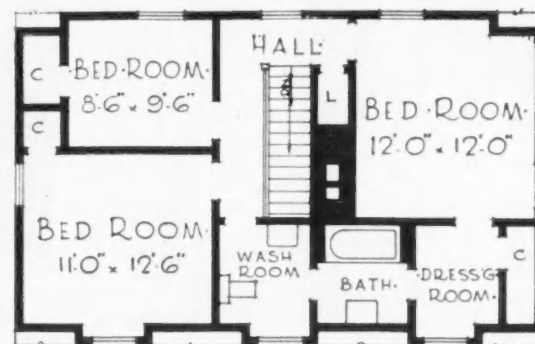
- ➡ mellowed in wood
- ➡ sparkling clear
- ➡ delightfully aromatic
- ➡ uniform in strength

SO FULL-FLAVOURED A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY



Alternative Plans. Many home builders choose the style of their house from a magazine picture; but it is seldom that the plan chosen by one family is suitable for another. Above you see interesting alternatives in main-floor plan for the Montreal residence illustrated on previous page. This house was planned on three levels to take full advantage of a hillside lot. Obviously a different layout would be required for a flat site, and the plans above suggest possible alternatives to meet this condition, while retaining the exterior treatment.

Dimensions are the same in each case. Note different use of central area—through hall or cupboards; also variation in fireplace position. Kitchen and dining room are identical in each plan.



The same second-floor plan would serve both first-floor layouts illustrated. Only a slight change in the location of the chimney is required. The two-compartment bathroom brings new convenience to the smaller home, having toilet and basin in one section and bathtub and basin in the second.

Continued from previous page

often only fantasies. Others represent a sincere effort to contribute to building progress by modernizing old-fashioned techniques or introducing a fresh approach. Suggestions that slide-fasteners be used instead of doors, that walls be manufactured from corn tassels, that houses be pivoted to catch the sun's rays, had best be dismissed. Advances sought in better heating and ventilating methods and through application of factory production principles to construction should be commended. Many theoretically sound innovations are, however, not yet proved by practical test. Until they are they will not be offered to the public. Manufacturers of materials and equipment displayed very little of a revolutionary nature at the last national builders' convention.

Other things being equal, the success of prefabrication depends on a tremendous volume of sales made within a limited area. Otherwise the machine-made house is likely to cost more than the dwelling of traditional construction. Indeed, practically every new device so far announced depends on huge markets and large-scale operations. Used in the individual, custom-tailored house they boost the cost instead of lowering it. The best way to economize will remain for some time the time-tested method: building durably enough to keep maintenance charges to a minimum.

AT THE same time the primary purpose of erecting a residence is not to save money but rather to provide accommodation. Just how this is

cutting off of a portion at the back can definitely improve the proportions of the area seen from the house; at the same time it will provide a space which can satisfy some pet hobby of the owner or serve a practical purpose, as shown in our sketches.

As to the matter of fitting the owner's purse, which is also requisite, it is worth while to remember that in the garden as in the house, or as with clothes, food, equipment, etc., we get just what we pay for. A cheap way of doing things is often the most expensive in the end. Often it happens that the garden comes in last for consideration and therefore suffers accordingly. However, following a definite preconceived plan for its development, the expense can, if one is willing to wait, be spread over a period of years, beginning with the essentials and seeing to it that every cent spent is a step toward the ultimate goal, and not a hit-or-miss spending in aimless fashion. This system is admirably suited to the needs of the young couple, who will have plenty of time ahead to enjoy its completion.

Fitting the Site

Another important phase of this fitting process involves the shape and natural topography of the site. Is it rectangular, square, or perhaps wider at the back than the front? Is it level or does it slope away from the house, or possibly uphill toward the rear? Are there any natural features to make use of—a stream or a little woodsy corner? In the case of an absolutely level rectangular 50-foot lot there is little to worry about in this respect, but consequently less to stir the imagination or give the garden individuality.

The natural grades of a piece of property bear a very definite influence on the plan of the garden if it is to look comfortably at home on it, just as a road which winds pleasantly and easily around a hill in time fits into the natural landscape even though superimposed upon it by man, while a rigid cut through a hill will always appear forced. A garden plan "forced" upon a site will

always have the same exotic appearance. To give an example: if a property naturally runs uphill even ever so slightly, the far-seeing owner will make use of this change of grade rather than endeavor to eliminate it. But this does not mean we should leave the natural slope untouched, especially on the small conventional city lot. To go up a step from one part of a garden to another adds materially to its interest, and a garden built on different levels, each being held in place by a well-built retaining wall, can provide one of the most attractive garden schemes—pleasing and comfortable because it "fits." It will require more initial expenditure in the building of the dry walls, but the cost of such items is over with when they are completed, whereas an ugly artificial embankment, which some owners build and call "terraces," is a continual source of worry and expensive upkeep. Beware also of the prevalent so-called rock garden forced, with an idea of the "naturalistic," upon a flat city lot possessing no natural characteristics suggesting such a feature, and doomed never to look as if it belonged. If we can remember to let existing conditions make suggestions, or even dictate the garden plan, the result will be much more harmonious than if we let a desire for a certain feature tempt us to press it upon an unresponsive site.

A general idea persists that a garden should look what is erroneously termed "natural." As a matter of fact, the so-called naturalistic type has much less chance of looking at home on the stereotyped subdivision lot than one whose paths and planting beds conform to the simple and pleasant straight line. There is little suggestion of nature in the average 50-foot lot whose rigid rectangular outlines are always in evidence, not to mention the solid structural lines of the house. These are both pronouncedly man-made, and the recognition of their lines in the garden produces, not stiffness and formality, as is so often feared, but a happier and more restful effect which, when achieved, is proof positive of the existence of that much to be desired interrelation of house, garden and site. ♦

I Went Crazy

Continued from page 57

had my little boy to look after, I lost that feeling that he wasn't my own child; he most certainly is now. He is almost two years old now, and has a baby sister just over three months. When she was born there were no complications arising from the birth, although some of the doctors had cautioned us not to have another child. Everything went smoothly; I was in good health then and am still. We are a happy little family, as happy as any family can be in wartime.

There will be men coming back from overseas who have had a nerve-racking experience and who have been almost

"out of this world." Their friends and relatives will be puzzled, perhaps, to know just how to approach them. Any person who has been under a mental strain needs sympathetic understanding and co-operation, but *too much* sympathy is not a good thing. It is wise to have them take over a responsible job as soon as they possibly can, to give them something new to think about, and to put their unhappy experience definitely in the past. In my opinion, any discharged mental patient wishes, above all things, to be treated in the same manner as he was before being hospitalized. Don't be timid—be friendly; it means everything. Just to be remembered is the greatest lift and encouragement to someone who needs a little warmth after a harrowing experience. ♦

Expecting a Baby?

Chatelaine's fashion editor has just prepared a new leaflet of special Simplicity Pattern ideas for maternity clothes. Street and house frocks, a smart cape design, lingerie—even slacks!

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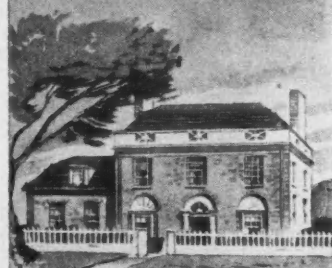
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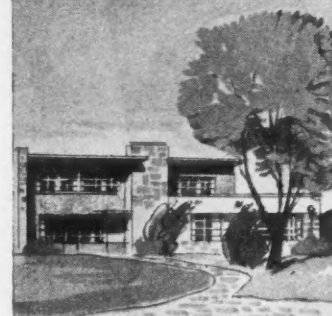
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Anaconda Copper & Brass

How to Plan a City Garden

Continued from page 11

naturally invites one outside. Conveniently located steps from terrace or porch tempt one quite unconsciously down into the garden. Such invitation or temptation immediately establishes a definite "co-operation" between house and garden. Consider, too, how the door from the house commands the first and most frequently seen view of the garden, and consequently (if first impressions rate as highly as is commonly supposed) the most important. The whole design of the garden thus may be said to hinge largely on the location of the rooms of the house and their doors and important windows, also on the position of the house on the lot. Viewed in this light, one can readily appreciate how an early consideration of the garden, while house planning is still in progress, can work out to the advantage of both.

A glance at the four accompanying sketches will show in every case a specially planned point of interest in line with the garden door, terrace or important window, and also a direct means of access from house to garden. I say "direct" with particular emphasis, for if one is forced to go out the front door and around by a side path to reach the garden, this intimate connection is lost, as it is also if, in stepping off the porch, one has to cross a gravel drive, for instance, to reach the garden. Today, the well-planned house with its adjoining garage eliminates this hurdle. It was in the period when the rear of the property was designated as the "back yard" and treated accordingly, and when living quarters were always at the front and kitchens all across the back, that large ungainly drives and separate garages complicated the garden-maker's efforts by isolating the house from its surroundings.

Fitting the Owner

Certainly a successful garden must suit the owner's taste and supply, as far as space permits, what the family most requires of it. There are always such considerations as: Are there children who need a play space, to keep them away from street traffic? Is the owner fond of gardening? What are his special interests—horticulture, rose growing, a pool with waterlilies and goldfish? Would the family like to use the space for games—archery, or badminton, or croquet? And then, by no means either last or least, there must be consideration for the necessary service requirements: driveway, drying yard, garbage tins, a corner for collecting and storing compost, so valuable to garden well-being, and so on. Are these areas conveniently located for regular use, and at the same time (a point often disregarded) are they well screened from view from the living areas of the garden? Many an otherwise attractive garden view takes in at the same glance a row of garbage containers, or an unsightly clothesline pole, or yawning garage doors revealing an oily miscellany. These practical items are as essential outside as are the kitchen sink and stove inside the house, but the importance of the latter does not permit of their intrusion in the view from dining room or living room. Good planning takes care of that, and good planning can extend to all parts of the property.

Even if the garden area is not extensive, it does not follow that it must be composed of only one part or "room." Sometimes on a long narrow lot the

I left an office for THIS!



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Chatelaine Housekeeping



Luncheon at the Institute

by Helen G. Campbell
Director, Chatelaine Institute

SOUP'S ON the table . . . the salad is perky-crisp . . . the daisies are bowing in all directions . . . the chairs are drawn up . . . the guests are gathered to sit down to lunch in Chatelaine Institute.

And we're just a little house-proud for our dining room's decked in a brand-new dress as fresh as one

of June's nicest days. The wallpaper has white ground with all-over design of green leaves, blue grape clusters, purplish plums, sunset-yellow pineapples and a bird of unidentified species with the same soft colors in its plumage. Furniture repeats them too; some chairs white, some blue, Welsh dresser is painted white

with a blue façade and the table soft lettuce green.

Cheerful as a robin, our luncheon setting fits into this background. Place mats and napkins are French blue with cobalt bands etched in white. Bamboo-bound glasses and white china frame to perfection the bright fiesta color of the food—asparagus soup, chilled salmon, filled cucumber cups, crisp greens, mullins, nosegay salad, angel cake.

The centrepiece comes easily to hand—daisies from the garden and ivy grown in pots on a sunny window ledge. And down from the attic came that antique china tea set to act as flower bearers. ✦

Something for the Brides!



1 You can't go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size.



2 Extra "pie-appeal" with Pyrex ware—even for first pies! A Pyrex pie plate, or any other Pyrex dish, is just as much at home on the table as in the oven or in the refrigerator. Each dish is really three in one—for baking, keeping and serving!



 **PRESSED IN GLASS**

Look for one or the other of these famous Pyrex Trade-marks. They mean "A Product of Corning Research in Glass." Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.



3 Two hearts that beat as one . . . even over the dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!

John A. Huston Company Limited
Sole Canadian Distributor

Why I Vote CCF

(Continued from page 13.)

established in civilian life. Sure, it will cost a lot of money, but a grateful country should pay for the aviator as well as for the airplane. We say that better health services and better schools should be provided for Shirley. We say that every hardworking family should have a home to own or rent. We say that the wartime plants should provide peacetime jobs. The Canadian people now own one billion dollars' worth of factories. The old-time parties say these should be handed over to "private enterprise" which will operate them or not as it sees fit. Industries upon which the sustenance of thousands of families depend should not be left to the direction of a board of directors who are answerable only to themselves, but should be brought under democratic control. Those businesses which approximate a condition of monopoly so that they can restrict production and make huge profits should be government-owned so that they will increase production at lower profits.

The old-line parties say frankly that they want to remove all "controls" so that everyone has an equal chance in a system of free enterprise. Yet, if in the henyard there are three foxes and 50 hens free enterprise will be fine for the foxes but very bad for the hens. The CCF exists to bring freedom to the 50 hens and that can't be done without exercising "control" over the foxes.

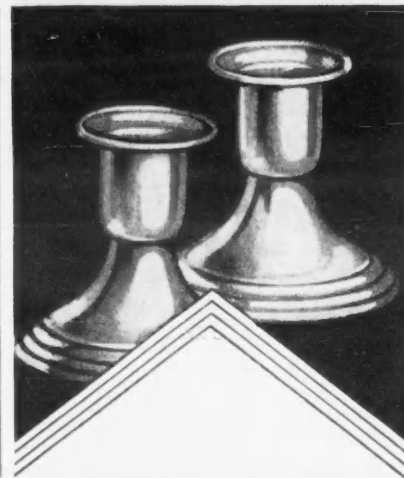
Mrs. McGarvey knows that the system of so-called free enterprise never did provide full employment except in wartime, that workers have waged a very difficult fight in their unions for decent wages and security, that farmers have waged a very unequal fight against the mortgage companies, farm-machinery companies and the packing and milling industries.

THE CCF opens a way of freedom to Mrs. McGarvey; she knows that she has a voice in framing the policy of the party. For the last two years as president of her club she has attended the provincial convention. Here she heard issues debated, sometimes quite hotly. Once a decision had been reached party policy was formed.

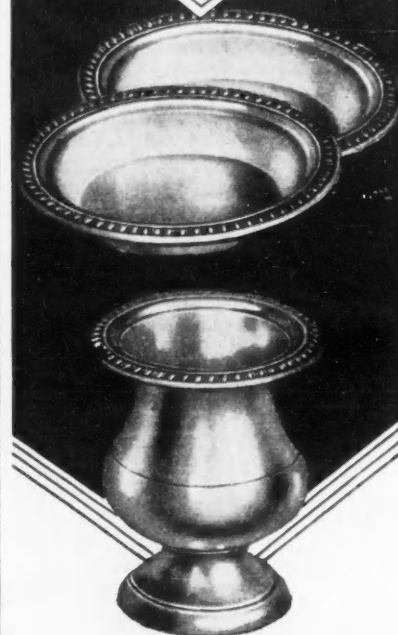
This is all traditional democratic procedure and it is the only way by which a people's party can formulate its program, but it is practiced by no other party in Canada. In all other parties the platform for an election is made by the leaders, and the average citizen, knowing he is never consulted, wastes little energy thinking of public affairs. In the old-line parties regular conventions to determine policy are not held; control is completely centralized.

Before Mrs. McGarvey joined the CCF she had worked for each of the old-line parties. In 1930 she believed the promise of Mr. Bennett and the Conservatives that they would banish unemployment and blast their way into the markets of the world. Then in 1935 she placed her faith in Mr. King and the Liberals. Mrs. McGarvey knows now why neither party can keep its promises. In politics, as in most things, he who pays the piper calls the tune. At election time both the old-line parties put a sum of money into a riding. A cabinet minister a few years ago admitted that he had spent \$50,000 in his election and he believed that his defeated opponent had spent three times that amount—all in perfectly legitimate election expenses.

♦ Continued on page 78



INTERNATIONAL Sterling



Lovely silver is a lovely compliment to a charming hostess. How precious is its gleaming beauty . . . and how rare a treat today. The makers of this delightful "International" pattern agree silver need not be new to look new . . . not if its lustre is coaxed and cared for with the gentle, safe and loving touch of Silvo.

The touch of Silvo keeps silver lovely.



opinions and ideas. Their replies acknowledged back at us and, while they took our breath away, we got a big thrill out of all the tips they gave us, and plenty to dig our teeth into.

So, straight from our Council Teen-agers come these comments which we're passing on to all you other teen-age readers. See how it all adds up with you.

MOST OF our Councillors have taken Domestic Science and feel they got something out of it. Says one, "Very helpful, especially when Mother is away and I have to get the family's meals." Thoughtfully another girl wrote, "Part of our classes were used for food costs and nutrition, but we were too young to appreciate it."

Nearly all of them cook, the majority because they like it, some because they want to help out in the house. Cooking is the "favorite hobby" of many. A couple of candid quips gave us a laugh: one of the girls who likes to cook adds cagily, "with an electric stove." Another persevering young miss sadly tells us that she bakes cakes, cookies and muffins, "but nobody will eat them." Never mind, Kathleen, some day they'll be glad to eat their teasing words and the muffins too!

Many of our teen-agers at times take entire charge of meal preparation: supper, dinner, lunch boxes, trays for invalids, and Sunday morning trays "for Mom so she can lie in bed longer Sunday morning." Nice to learn that the majority get their own breakfast.

All of them are keen about planning meals for the family and for parties, doing a lot of shopping and actual food preparation themselves. Frankly they admitted their attitude about the cost;

over half of them don't worry about that so long as Mom gives her okay.

Table setting and decoration seem to rate highest among the girls' household activities. Audrie says, "One of my chief interests is table settings . . . I like to see a smart setting." She'll go for "Luncheon at the Institute," page 65, Helen G. Campbell's description of a typical Institute luncheon, featuring the importance of color in a table setting to tie in with the food, the flowers and the surroundings.

DRESSUP parties and kitchen parties have high popularity billing. While many of the girls occasionally go in for fussy foods they all agree that sandwiches and cold drinks lead in refreshments, but they all *do* like to know about "glamour food" for parties.

Hiking is tops in outdoor fun, with picnics and bicycle treks tying in second place. They go for ready-to-eat box lunches, but almost as many cook their food over an open fire, "frying bacon on a stick so we don't have to bother with frying pans."

What about boys in the kitchen trying to help or standing around? That was a problem even in Grandma's day. We asked the girls just how useful were their heartthrobs in the kitchen, and here's the consensus: over half the girls say the boys are "workers" although a couple flatly stated that they get in the way. We chuckled over Beverley's smooth device: "Boys in the kitchen don't know where things are and are very likely to clutter up the place. However, if they're the type that feels they should help I load them down with dishes, trays and glasses to be carried

✦ Continued on page 75



DONUTS

ALWAYS HIT THE SPOT!

As delicious as they are healthful, as tempting as they are nourishing. No wonder Tested Quality cake donuts are always popular with growing children—especially for in-between meals and for desserts.

Watch their smiles of satisfaction when they bite into the goodness of the "Snack that Satisfies."

LOOK FOR THE TWIN-BAKER SEAL OF APPROVAL WHEN YOU BUY DONUTS!



Are You an "I-Give-up" Mother?

"Sometimes I get so cross with Jimmy that I could just about scream! I don't know whether he can't learn or whether he just won't be bothered. I've tried spanking to make him pay attention, but it doesn't do a bit of good!"



And as easily as that, Jimmy's mother GAVE UP TRYING!

Some children learn quickly, others need much more HELP and ENCOURAGEMENT. It's no use losing patience with the child—that will only make it harder for him.

The first point to remember is that A SLOW CHILD'S LEARNING YEARS ARE FEW . . . and what he is to learn must be learned THOROUGHLY, and as soon as possible!



If spelling is his problem, here's how you can help him. Teach him the words he will need to use in everyday life. Spell each word out for him slowly, have him repeat it orally, then write each word several times on a toy blackboard or a sheet of paper. If he's slow at reading, have him read aloud to you, correct errors as he goes along—then have him read the entire selection again. That will help fix the difficult words in his mind.

Reading aloud helps correct nervousness as well as faulty speech and pronunciation. Don't lose patience with a child who is slow to learn. Rather, give him more attention. Make it easier for him to learn. A very few minutes of your time each day can give him CONFIDENCE IN HIS ABILITY TO LEARN.

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-6, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My son was a FIREBUG"

writes Mrs. D. M. Ross

"When my son Jim was 8 years old, he developed, as most boys do, a mania for lighting fires . . . and though he never did anything serious, I decided that his habit must be stopped, quickly.

We spent our summer at the lake and cooked our meals over a campfire. I made it Jim's duty to get the wood and light the fires, and when his favourite pastime became a chore, he soon tired of it.

I had no more trouble with him after that . . . and later, when he became a Boy Scout, his early summer training stood him in good stead. There's a real lesson to be learned here!"



JANET POWER

Practical psychologist and mother of three of the kind of children you'd like to know

Sink or Swim?



It's Saturday afternoon, and on the front steps, Tommy B. is waiting for Dad to finish his lunch so they can "get going." Today's the day Dad is going to

TEACH TOMMY HOW TO SWIM. Dad wants him to enjoy swimming and he knows there's a RIGHT and a WRONG WAY FOR A CHILD TO LEARN HOW.

Some people think you can just throw a child in the water and he'll swim for shore. Not so! Children can be shocked by such treatment so badly that they'll develop a VERY REAL FEAR OF WATER!

GO GENTLY! First let a child feel the water with his toes, hold his hand as you lead him in, to give him CONFIDENCE. If he shows any sign of fear, don't force him, let him sit and play in the sand until he decides to go into the water again.

When he's used to the water, teach him first to float on his back. Take care to support his head so that he won't get water in his ears or mouth.

Next have him get used to holding his nose and putting his head under water. Teach him that he doesn't need to fear water if he's careful and stays within his depth.

From here it's a simple step to teach him elementary swimming strokes. But remember, teaching a child to swim must be gradual . . . to help him develop CONFIDENCE IN HIS OWN ABILITY TO TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF in water.

Breakfast Fun!

The morning meal doesn't have to be gloomy! All too often children fuss over their breakfast no matter how good it actually tastes. Often these morning moods can be brightened by serving a cereal that's both APPETIZING and AMUSING . . . Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Have them listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour milk on them. Soon the children are so intrigued over the crisp little bubbles they forget to fuss. Next thing you know, they're back for more. "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Try them! Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

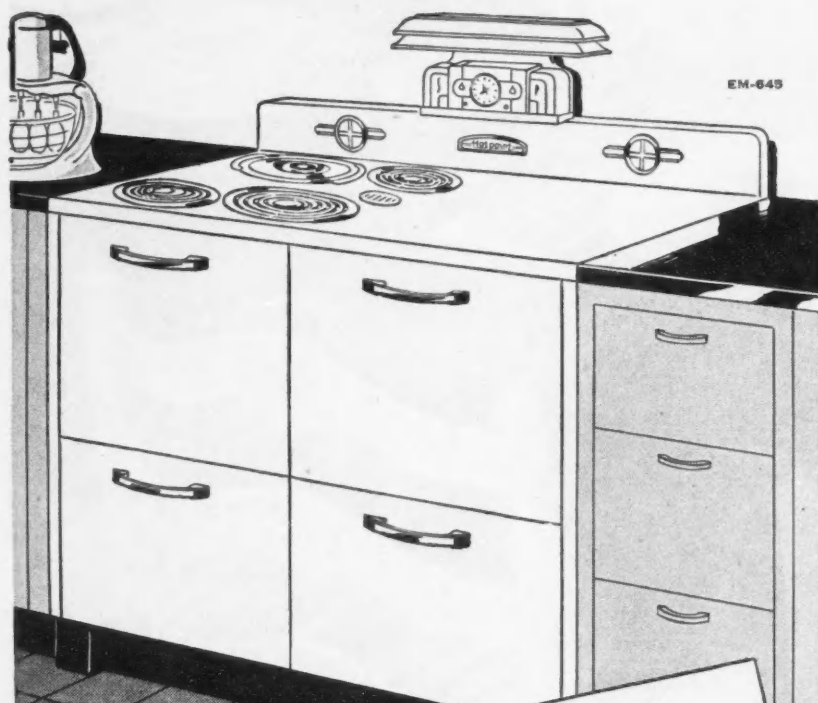


Janet Power



**"Dinner Will Be Ready...
when I get back
thanks to my
GENERAL
ELECTRIC
RANGE"**

WITH a General Electric Automatic Range you have only to put the food into the oven, set one or two dials—and you're free to go out for the day! The oven will turn itself on, maintain correct temperature and turn itself off when the food is cooked—retaining just enough heat to keep the meal hot! Thrifty and clean, a G-E Range, with its famous Hotpoint Elements and controlled heat, prevents spoilage and waste. These ranges are now being made in limited quantities only—but they're well worth waiting for!



**GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES
you will want to own**

Refrigerator Radio Range Washer Ironer Vacuum Cleaner
Percolator Toaster Clocks Dishwasher Food Mixer
Garbage Disposal Waffle Iron Coffee-maker Kettle Heating Pad
Sandwich Grill Air Heater Sunlamp

While many of these appliances are not now available, restrictions have already been lifted from some and limited supplies are on the way. Contact your General Electric Appliance Dealer.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE : TORONTO

**Teen-Age
Special**

**You Know What's
Cooking**

by Evelyn Kelly

STRAIGHT from the shoulder and dead honest, you teen-agers, telling us what gives!

You're right on the beam with your pin-curl magic and flick-of-the-wrist lipstick cunning; you're in the know on what adds up to being a smooth number, but how are you on whipping up a smooth gravy or a creamy cream sauce?

You brighties really know what's cooking in this big bad world... but how do you register on what's cooking in the kitchen?

We love the way you keep the conversation sizzling, but what's your score with the breakfast bacon?

And HOW you can cut a rug, but what about looking after a rug or buying one if you had to?

What's perking, anyway, in your busy young heads? Are you getting down to cases about this business of homemaking? Will it be drudgery after the bridal bouquet has wilted, or do you

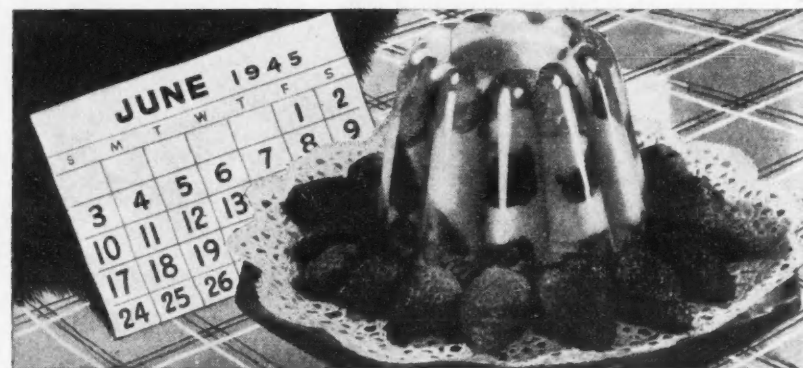


She's hep to the way to a man's heart.

figure that it can be a career with plenty of fun in it?

Well, we wanted to know and we found out! Recently a flock of our Hamilton Teen-age Councillors, bright-eyed and supercharged with the joy of living, had luncheon with us in Chatelaine Institute. Their quick, honest comments really started something.

We hopped right to it and sent out questionnaires to Chatelaine's newly organized Teen - age Councillors in several cities, asking many pointed questions and calling for on-the-level



the DAVIS dish-of-the MONTH

Strawberry Cream

INGREDIENTS

1 envelope Davis Gelatine
1/4 cup hot water
2 eggs
1/4 cup sugar
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup sliced fresh strawberries

METHOD

Beat egg yolks. Add sugar and milk and cook until nearly boiling. Remove from fire. Cool. Dissolve Gelatine in hot water and add to mixture. Add vanilla. Chill until thickening, whip for a minute. Fold in strawberries and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into mould and allow to set. Garnish with strawberries.



FREE:

A delightfully illustrated 68-page recipe book "Davis Dainty Dishes" is available free to every user of Davis Gelatine. Just fill in the coupon you will find in every package of Davis Gelatine and mail it to us. Books are not sent without this coupon.

DAVIS GELATINE
TWO EXTRA PINTS IN EVERY PACKAGE

FRIGIDAIRE



NORTHERN ONTARIO
IN **33**
LOCALITIES

QUEBEC
IN **69**
LOCALITIES

WESTERN ONTARIO
IN **144**
LOCALITIES

MARITIMES
IN **59**
LOCALITIES

EASTERN ONTARIO
IN **68**
LOCALITIES

3000 MILES OF

WHEREVER power lines reach in Canada, there is a Frigidaire representative close by to serve you.

Frigidaire is represented in hundreds of municipalities that stretch not only from coast to coast but far into the north in every province.

Frigidaire is proud of the way these dealers have served Frigidaire users throughout the difficult war years.

Frigidaire has given them every possible help. We have helped train maintenance men. We have seen that genuine

Frigidaire parts have been kept in constant supply across the country. We have supplied them with helpful booklets for their customers, telling how to conserve food and refrigeration in wartime.

War production is Frigidaire's Number One job until Victory.

Our peacetime objective is to maintain and increase Frigidaire leadership by producing Canada's finest line of mechanical refrigerators and electrical appliances.

Frigidaire will be among the first to produce new refrigerators. For the sake of future convenience, dependability and economy, don't make any decision until you see your Frigidaire dealer.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
IN **37**
LOCALITIES

ALBERTA
IN **97**
LOCALITIES

MANITOBA
IN **54**
LOCALITIES

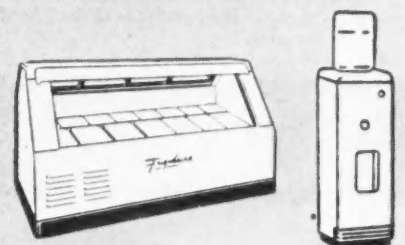
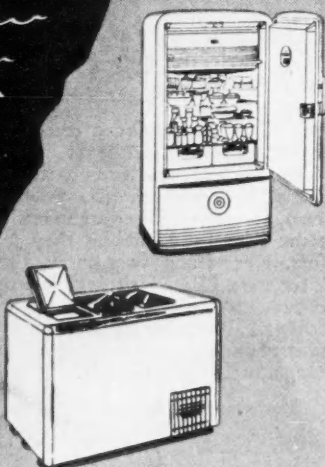
SASKATCHEWAN
IN **89**
LOCALITIES



FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA,
Limited

LEASIDE 12, ONTARIO

Peacetime builders of Electric Refrigerators, Electric Ranges,
Home Freezers, Commercial Refrigeration, Beverage,
Milk and Water Coolers, Air Conditioners.



What every housewife
should know...

about SUGAR FOR CANNING



For tasty, nourishing and economical winter desserts, most Canadian housewives will again do some preserving this year...jams, jellies and all kinds of fresh fruits..

Sugar is still very scarce. We must continue to conserve our supplies.

This year, the allowance for home canning will be the same as in 1944—ten pounds per person. Be sure to use your ration sparingly.

HOW TO GET SUGAR FOR CANNING

Instead of special home canning sugar coupons, twenty extra preserves coupons in Ration Book No. 5 are being made available for the purchase of sugar for canning.

These coupons are good for half a pound of sugar each or the stated value in commercial preserves, for they are the same as any of your preserves coupons.

You may use any other valid preserves coupons to purchase sugar, also at half a pound each. No exchange is necessary. Your grocer will accept any valid preserves coupons when you purchase sugar for canning. There are now only two kinds of coupons for sugar. The regular sugar coupon, good for one pound of sugar; and the preserves coupon, worth half a pound of sugar.

SUGAR FOR CANNING COUPON CALENDAR

PRESERVES 53 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 52 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 43 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 42 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 54 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 51 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 44 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 41 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 55 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 50 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 45 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 56 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 49 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 46 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 57 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 48 CONSERVES

PRESERVES 47 CONSERVES

REGULAR

March 15..41, 42

April 19..45, 46

May 17..47, 48

June 21..57, P1

July 19..P2, P3

EXTRA

43, 44

49, 50

51, 52

53, 54

55, 56

P4, P5

P6, P7

P8, P9

P10, P11

P12, P13

For the balance of the year, two "p" coupons for preserves will become good each month.

P11

P10

P1

P12

P9

P2

P13

P8

P3

P7

P4

P6

P5

USE ONLY AS REQUIRED

The twenty extra preserves coupons for sugar for canning will remain valid until declared invalid by the Ration Administration. You do not have to use them immediately. You will be given plenty of notice of their expiry date.

GUARD YOUR RATION BOOK

If you lose your ration book, the extra preserves coupons which have already been declared valid will not be replaced. It is up to each consumer to look after his or her ration book.

RATION ADMINISTRATION

THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

SUGAR IS SCARCE — USE IT SPARINGLY

CLIP THIS CALENDAR FOR READY REFERENCE

CLIP THIS CALENDAR FOR READY REFERENCE

Meals of the Month

JUNE

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 1	Fresh Pineapple Cereal Marmalade Tea	Scrambled Eggs Mixed Green Salad Watermelon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Fish in Cream Casserole Asparagus Steamed Cup Cakes Crushed Strawberry Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 2	Chilled Apple Juice French Toast Sausages Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Toasted Sardine and Cucumber Sandwiches (Brown Bread) Strawberries with Cream Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Steak Mashed Potatoes Green Peas and Carrots Vanilla Blancmange Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 3	Half Grapefruit Cereal Chopped Bacon Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Asparagus Salad Hot Biscuits or Rolls Angel Cake Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea Fruit Punch	Chilled Rhubarb Juice Boiled Tongue Parsley Potatoes Corn Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream Small Cakes Coffee Tea
MON 4	Tomato Juice Cereal with Halved Strawberries Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Sliced Tongue Grated Raw Carrot and Celery Salad Pancakes Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Grilled Hamburgers Mashed Potatoes Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
TUE 5	Orange Juice Cereal Currant Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Meat Creamed Potatoes Onions Lettuce Wedges Radishes Stewed Rhubarb Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clear Soup Salmon Loaf Parsley Sauce Boiled Potatoes Spinach Fresh Fruits in Lime Jelly Coffee Tea
WED 6	Rhubarb Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Celery Soup Mixed Fresh Vegetable Salad Scones Tea Cocoa	Chilled Tomato Juice Roast of Beef Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cottage Pudding Lemon Coffee Tea
THU 7	Fresh Pineapple Cereal Scones (heated) Coffee Honey Tea	Grilled Smoked Ham Buttered Noodles Prune and Cheese Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Chicken Broth Cold Roast Beef Potato and Celery Salad Mixed Pickles Strawberry Cream Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 8	Chilled Apple Juice Pan-fried Brook Trout Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Radishes Strawberry Tarts Tea Cocoa	Baked Fish Fillets Lemon Garnish Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Fruit Cup Coffee Tea
SAT 9	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Plain Omelet Green Peas Fruit Salad Plate Nut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Boiled Potatoes Sliced Beets Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 10	Chilled Watermelon Cereal Poached Eggs Coffee Conserves Cocoa	Grilled Sardines on Toast Lemon Sections Celery Olive Maple Custard Ginger Ale	Green Pea Soup Jellied Meat Mold with Celery and Radishes Potato Chips Hot Rolls Strawberries Layer Cake Coffee Tea
MON 11	Tomato Juice Brown Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Frankfurters Mustard Pickle Shredded Cabbage and Carrot Salad Canned Fruit Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Peas Trifle Coffee Tea
TUE 12	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Bacon Coffee Marmalade Tea	Broiled Small Fish Lemon Butter Lettuce Salad Pineapple and Orange Slices Drop Cakes Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Potato au Gratin Beet Greens, Buttered Carrots Creamed Young Onions Baked Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 13	Apple Juice Crisp Waffles Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Vegetable Soup Biscuits Jellied Rhubarb Whole Wheat Muffins Tea Fruit Punch	Broiled Liver Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Pineapple Ice Cream Cookies Coffee Tea
THU 14	Cereal with Fresh Fruit Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Brown Rolls Sliced Oranges on Water Cress with Chopped Mint Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slice Parsley Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Strawberry Whip Coffee Tea
FRI 15	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Stewed Prunes Tea	Potato Soup with Chopped Parsley Crackers Fresh Fruit Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Steamed Fresh Salmon Egg Sauce Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Deep Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 16	Strawberries Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast or Scones Coffee Jelly Tea	Potato, Celery and Egg Salad Canned Peaches Frosted Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Hot Meat Loaf Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Baked Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 17	Chilled Rhubarb Juice Cereal Grilled Ham Scones Coffee Honey Tea	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Asparagus and Pimento Salad Cress Rolls Chilled Peach Trifle Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Broiled Steaks Mashed Potatoes New Peas Jellied Strawberry Pie Coffee Tea
MON 18	Sliced Bananas and Grapefruit Sections Tomato Omelet Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Crackers Waffles and Syrup Tea Cocoa	Sausages Creamed Potatoes Dandelion Greens Berry Cobbler Coffee Tea
TUE 19	Stewed Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Creamed Salmon on Toast Dill Pickles Mixed Fruit Salad (strawberries, pineapple, bananas) Tea Cocoa	Rolls Brisket (pot roast) Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Beets Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea



	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 20	Fresh Berries Cereal Grilled Bacon Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Gingerbread Tea Hard Sauce Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Meat Scalloped Potatoes Wax Beans Rhubarb and Orange Compote Coffee Tea
THU 21	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Milk Tea	Asparagus Soup Tomato and Cucumber Sandwiches Canned Peas Gingerbread (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Beef and Kidney Pie Parsley Potatoes Coleslaw Strawberry Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 22	Orange Sections Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Hot Vegetable Casserole Brown Bread Crisp Celery Butterscotch Cream Tarts Tea Cocoa	Fried Small Fish Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Fruit Betty Cheese Coffee Crackers Tea
SAT 23	Watermelon Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Mushroom Soup Cabbage and Peanut Salad Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Creamed Onions Orange Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 24	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Broiled Small Fish Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Diced Tongue in Tomato Jelly Hard-cooked Egg Garnish Potato Chips Fresh Pineapple Macaroons Tea Cocoa	Dressed Tenderloin Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Carrot Strips Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
MON 25	Pineapple Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Fresh Asparagus on Toast Radishes Stewed Prunes and Lemon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Beet Greens Baked Custard with Crushed Strawberries Coffee Tea
TUE 26	Fresh Cherries Creamy Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Roast Lamb Mint Jelly Potato Cakes Cucumbers Sliced Oranges and Bananas Tea Cocoa	Hot Vegetable Plate (Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Harvard Beets, Peas, Creamed Cauliflower) Coffee Milk Shake Tea
WED 27	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Corn Soup Beet, Onion and Egg Salad Bran Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Veal Chops Creamed Potatoes Spinach Lemon Chiffon Pie Coffee Tea
THU 28	Orange Juice Bread and Milk Toasted Muffins Coffee Conserves (from Wednesday) Tea	Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Celery Hearts Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Lima Bean Soup Liver in Tomato Jelly on Water Cress Potato Salad Marinated Asparagus Quick Cherry Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 29	Rhubarb Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Cheese Fondue Head Lettuce French Dressing Fruit Jelly Whip Wafers Tea Coffee	Oven-cooked Fillets of Haddock Home-fried Potatoes Creamed Celery and Peas Strawberry Blancmange Coffee Tea
SAT 30	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Jam Tea	Mixed Vegetable Omelet Toast Canned Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Picnic Ham Jellied Horseradish Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Fruit Salad Plate Coffee Tea

Nutrition Note—Strawberries figure large in this month's menu. Reason is they're not only full of lip-smacking goodness but bursting with Vitamin C as well.

Fish-in-cream Casserole—Place a layer of thinly sliced cooked potatoes in the bottom of a casserole, then add a layer of boiled cod or haddock. Fill up the dish with these alternate layers, then over them pour a white sauce which you've seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice and to which you've added a little sour cream for extra zip. Top with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven — 350 deg. F. — for about 10 minutes.

Strawberry Cream Pie—Your favorite cream filling topped, just before serving, with a thick layer of halved and sugared berries.

and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of the sugar. Mix the rest of the sugar with the cornstarch and add enough of the milk to make a smooth paste. Heat the rest of the milk, stir gradually into the cornstarch mixture and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Continue cooking until the raw cornstarch taste is gone. Beat the egg yolk slightly and add the cream. Stir in the cooked cornstarch mixture, return to the double boiler and continue cooking for two minutes. Add the vanilla and stir in the gelatine—which has been soaked in one-quarter cupful of cold water until it is dissolved. Cool. Beat the egg whites until stiff and glossy but not dry. Fold the crushed berries into the cooled mixture, fold in the beaten egg whites and pile the mixture into individual chilled molds. Place in the refrigerator to set. When firm unmold and serve with sweetened crushed berries. Six servings.

Jellied Rhubarb and Strawberries

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of rhubarb juice (sweetened to taste)
- 2 Cupfuls of strawberries, quartered
- 1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of cold water

Make rhubarb juice by straining leftover or freshly made stewed rhubarb. Soak the gelatine in the cold water, heat the rhubarb juice and pour it over the soaked gelatine, stirring until all the gelatine is dissolved. Partly cool, then add the quartered strawberries. Strain off about one third of the liquid and allow both portions to partially jell. Pour the partly jellied fruit mixture into sherbet glasses and allow it to set.

Beat the partly jellied strained mixture with a Dover beater until light and fluffy. Pile on top of the fruit mixture in the sherbets and place in the refrigerator until the whole is set. Just before serving garnish with sliced berries. Eight servings.

Strawberry Ice

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of corn syrup—white
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonfuls of commercial pectin
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of fresh strawberries
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of water

Cook the sugar, corn syrup and the commercial pectin together to the soft ball stage—230 deg. F. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and the fresh strawberries which have been mashed and put through a sieve, add the water and allow the mixture to stand until cool. Freeze, using eight parts of ice to one part of salt, or in tray of mechanical refrigerator. Makes about one quart.

To Can Strawberries: Start with fresh, prime berries. Wash well, pick over, stem. Sugar overnight (use one half cupful of sugar to each quart box . . . arrange in layers, fruit and sugar). In morning, heat to boiling. Pour into scalded, hot airtight jars, leaving one-quarter inch head space.

Partially seal screw top or spring top jars; completely seal vacuum type jars. Process (cook) in boiling water bath for 15 minutes, counting time from moment water reaches rapid bubbling boil. Remove jars at once, tighten if necessary, cool upright (don't up-end). Store in cool, dry place wrapped in newspapers to prevent fading.+



No, No, Madam! You Musn't Shoot Your Grocer!

YOUR grocer is as sorry as you are, when he has to say, "No Jell-O or Jell-O Puddings today"—or "Only one package to a customer". He'd dearly love to sell you all of those delicious, time-saving desserts you want. But he can only do his best to make his limited supplies go 'round.

So when you *do* manage to get a package of Jell-O or Jell-O Pudding, s-t-r-e-t-c-h it—and at the same time make something very special of leftovers—by such simple means as suggested below, and on the package.

TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H JELL-O

Jell-O Shortcake—chill red Jell-O in shallow pan. Cut in squares or fancy shapes. Serve on squares of light cake, or slices of loaf cake, with cream or with sweetened crushed berries.

Salad to Replace Dessert—add tart fruit and diced cream cheese to partially thickened Jell-O. Chill in individual moulds. Unmould on watercress and serve with dressing.

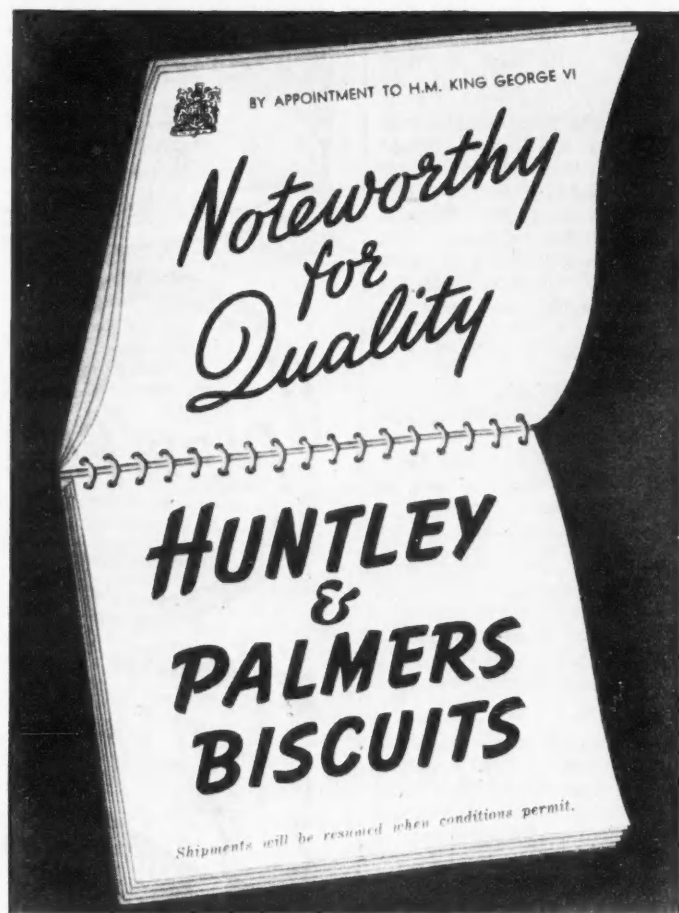
TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H JELL-O PUDDING

Filled Cup Cakes—cut slices from tops of cup cakes and scoop out centres. Fill generously with cooled Jell-O Pudding and replace tops. Sift icing sugar over tops of cakes.

Jell-O Pudding Parfait—alternate spoonfuls of Jell-O Vanilla Pudding with jam or fruit, in parfait glasses; or use Chocolate Pudding with marmalade. Colorful—and so good!



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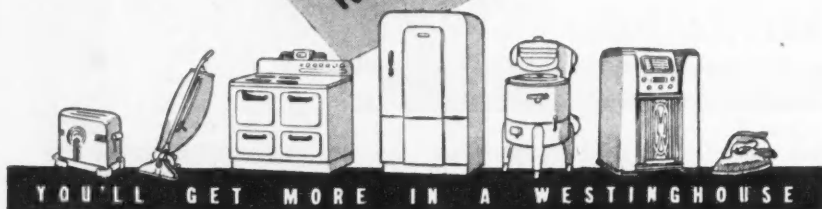
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Strawberry Festival

by Jane Monteith

STRAWBERRIES, leading the parade of summer's delicious fruits, are as welcome as the first crocus. Even more so—at least to the menu maker—for here is new brilliance for the table and fine refreshment for everyone around it. Not only are they prize packages of flavor but crammed with Vitamin C, putting even the orange and the grapefruit in the shade on this score.

You couldn't, in a month of Sundays, beat the heaping bowl of scarlet berries blushing under a dusting of sugar and served with a pitcher of cream. But some folks like a little variety and those who do can go to town with the following ideas.

Good-morning Appetizers: Whole or halved berries lavishly sprinkled over your favorite cereal; quartered berries lightly sweetened and piled in a cante-loupe cup; halved berries doused with orange juice and garnished with a sprig of mint.

High Noon Salads: A mound of cottage cheese ringed with sliced strawberries, marinated in Honey French dressing (one-half cupful of salad oil, one-quarter cupful each of lemon juice and strained honey); halved berries, cubed pineapple and sliced bananas arranged on a frilly cushion of garden lettuce; strawberries heaped in honeydew slices served with a thin wedge of lemon or lime.

Dinner Belles: Crushed sweetened

strawberries snuggled between and piled on top of split tea biscuits—best short-cake in the world; sugared berries crowning a cream pie; crushed berries as the sauce for ice cream, blancmange, angel food, cup cakes or a plain steamed pudding; strawberries and honeydew balls heaped in the melon shell; strawberries in mixed company providing a variety of other desserts.

Nosegay Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Clean and hull strawberries. Slice pineapple, remove eyes and core, then cut with a fluted cookie cutter or a sharp knife into scalloped rounds. (Save the scraps for pineapple sauce.) Peel and slice oranges, removing the seeds. Line a large service plate with chicory, pile the berries in the centre and circle them with a ring of the pineapple slices and another of orange. Garnish with a few halved strawberries and serve with real mayonnaise.

Chilled Strawberry Souffle

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of strawberries
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk
- 2 Eggs, separated
- ¼ Cupful of cream
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Tablespoonful of gelatine

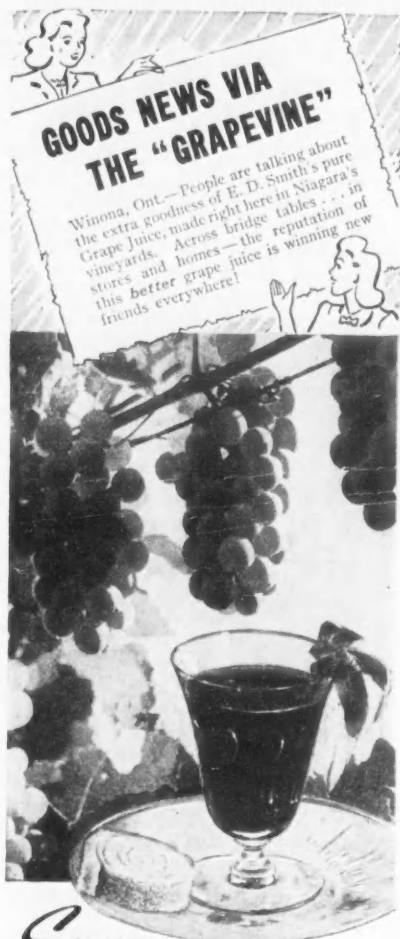
Crush the strawberries with a fork

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Serve EDSMITH'S for "Grapier" GRAPE JUICE

"Grapier" — That's the word to describe the extra fullness of flavour . . . the concentrated goodness . . . of this rich, pure grape juice. It's made from juicy-ripe Concord, fresh picked, pressed and bottled **full strength** right in the heart of the famous Niagara vineyards. No wonder it dilutes so deliciously . . . and economically!



TRY IT!

Serve this healthful fruit juice . . . with ginger ale . . . with other fruit juices . . . as a mixer . . . or in such cooling summer drinks as . . .

GRAPE ZIP-SIP

Shave 1 lemon and squeeze out juice. Mix lemon rind, 1 level teaspoon ginger and 2 heaping tablespoons sugar in 1/2 cup water. Boil 3 minutes. Cool and strain, then add lemon juice and 1 cup E. D. SMITH'S Pure Grape Juice. Keep tightly covered in refrigerator. Use as required add 3 parts water, 1 part syrup.

EDSMITH'S

FRUIT FARMS AND PRESERVING KITCHENS AT WINONA IN THE HEART OF NIAGARA'S FRUITLANDS

You Know What's Cooking

Continued from page 67

into the living room, thus keeping them busy and out of my way." There's a diplomatic *femme* who already realizes that most men don't like the idea of women being *too* independent.

About one third of our Councillors say the boys are kibitzers (offer advice but not assistance!). Some of the boys are not interested in what gives in the kitchen, but as Mary Ann puts it, "They're never not interested in food!"

We got down to earth with this one: "Are you interested in eating the right food (a) to keep healthy; (b) to keep slim; (c) to gain weight?"

All of them want to keep healthy, over one third want to keep slim. Two or three are concerned with gaining weight and another adds, "to keep my complexion clear." The pay-off was "I live to eat and eat to live." Lucky lady; cream puffs are nothing in your young life!

Without exception our Teen-age Councillors are keenly interested in textiles and the care of their wardrobes. Nearly all of them do their own mending and about three quarters sew, some on their own, others with help from their mothers. Joyce writes, "Although I can't cook or sew well, I would like to be able to, and I admire people who can." Another says: "I cannot mend socks, but I have made a few odd things, and as I have said, they are odd."

Over half of the group surveyed get an allowance, but most of them don't budget it.

About half of them regularly read the housekeeping department of *Chatelaine*, others read it "sometimes"; and—here we sigh—some don't. Remind us to ask you that question again about the year 1955!

THE GIRLS were clear-cut and positive about what they *want* us to write about: correct table settings, floral arrangements, table etiquette and manners. Among other valuable tips, Cecilia came up with this: "I think table etiquette is always appreciated by teen-agers who don't mind advice from magazines . . . rather than be corrected by their elders."

Many of the girls want to know about family meal planning. Well, gals, let the MEALS OF THE MONTH (a regular *Chatelaine* Institute feature), carefully planned for nutrition and palate appeal, be your guiding light!

The teen-agers all like reading articles with informal chitchat about food and housekeeping in general, and they're all for "economical, appetizing, easy-to-prepare" dishes for supper and snacks.

Listen to Beverley: "Breakfast seems to be least varied of all the meals, and I'm constantly wondering what I can have instead of eggs and bacon. I would also like to see recipes for desserts that don't take all afternoon to make and ones that don't turn out like a glorified custard when they are finished." Well, for breakfast, how about French toast . . . broiled tomatoes with sausages . . . tomato omelet . . . wheat cakes and syrup? Have you tried a kipper . . . creamed codfish . . . grilled kidneys . . . asparagus on toast with frizzled ham curls?

Desserts? The attractive fruit platter shown on page 72 is simple, handsome, delicious and a vitamin festival for you. And Jane Monteith adds some other yummy make-in-a-jiffy dishes.

The general feeling among our

"I should live to see this day!"



MRS: This is too much! Here you are working in the garden without having to be coaxed, pushed or bribed. What's the idea?

MR: Maybe I just need some fresh air and exercise. Remember, we lived like moles all winter. Cooped up in a steam-heated house. Eating canned foods . . .

MRS: Not so fast mister. You should know that canned foods are just as rich in vitamins and minerals as fresh foods the way most people cook them. And if it weren't for the canned foods we've had, you might have good reason to worry about your health!

MR: So — then I'm really healthier than I thought I was. So I may as well quit digging here.

MRS: No such luck! You stay right on the job — 'cause Victory gardens are still needed to help stretch wartime food supplies. I'll be out to help you in a jiffy!

Distinguished Service on Two Fronts

Wherever Canada's fighting forces go, they get nourishing energy-building foods, kept in perfect condition by metal cans.

On the home front, cans help preserve vital food supplies. Due to wartime needs, civilian use of cans is restricted. But after Victory you'll enjoy more foods than ever in the best container of them all — the modern can!

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Good Idea for Sunday

Tangy, fresh flavor. Easy!

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for 9-inch pie; uses $\frac{1}{4}$ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 3 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, or 1 cup light corn syrup
 1 cup light corn syrup

Soften gelatine in cold water. Beat yolks; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar or $\frac{3}{4}$ cup corn syrup, lemon juice, and salt. Cook in double boiler until of custard consistency; stir constantly. Add softened gelatine; stir until dissolved. Add grated rind. Cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg

whites to which remaining sugar or corn syrup has been added. Turn into baked pie shell and chill. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, if desired.

REAL fruit flavor... that's what you get when you take juice from fresh fruit and add pure, plain Knox Gelatine for this easy dessert! Real, good vitamins, too, that imitation-flavor products do not have! Taste the difference.

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"The Watch"

THE BOYS AND GIRLS RETURNING
FROM OVERSEAS
ARE PRAISING SO HIGHLY

Baby's Wash



by Helen G. Campbell

EVERY DAY is washday if there's a baby in the house. And here are a few hints on keeping tiny garments snowy-white.

Dresses—Remove spots as soon as they occur; orange juice will leave no mark if you stretch the material over a bowl and pour boiling water through it from a height of two feet or so. Wash in rich suds made by adding mild soap flakes to soft or softened water. Rinse thoroughly, first in hot water, then in lukewarm, until every speck of soap is removed. Do not starch. Iron with a moderate iron; press smocking or embroidery trim on the wrong side over a Turkish towel or thick pad.

Nightgowns, gertrudes and other cottons—Wash in the same way as cotton dresses. Be sure to rinse thoroughly.

Sweaters, booties, socks—Draw an outline on clean stiff paper. Wash garments in mild lukewarm suds without twisting or rubbing but squeezing the suds through the fabric. Rinse in several lukewarm waters, squeeze dry, then roll in a Turkish towel and pat to absorb moisture. Unroll at once, lay on the prepared outline and coax into the original shape. Dry flat, away from extreme heat or cold.

Sleeping bags, crib blankets—Close slide fasteners on sleeping bags, then wash according to directions for washing sweaters and other woolies. When dry, brush lightly to raise the nap. To iron ribbon binding use a cool-to-moderate iron and press under a damp cloth.

Knitted or crocheted bonnets—Mark an outline on heavy cardboard, then cut out this circle. Wash and rinse in the same way as sweaters. To dry, slip the cardboard pattern into the bonnet and pin at the opening.

Diapers—Rinse, as soon as soiled, in cold water. Soak in cold water to which a little borax is added. Wash daily in hot suds (use soft or softened water and enough mild soap to make a standing suds). Run the machine five to 10 minutes, then wring and rinse in three or more hot clear waters, until all soap is removed. Dry in the sun, smooth and fold; do not iron. Boil once a week or oftener if necessary.+

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

Polio: Here are the Facts

by Elizabeth
Chant Robertson, M.D.

IT ISN'T surprising that parents dread polio, the crippler of children. As a matter of fact, only a relatively small percentage of those stricken with it die as a result, and a quarter or more of those that have had some paralysis recover completely. We used to believe that no more than a small proportion of the population developed it. Now we are quite sure that a great many do catch it, but they do not show any of the typical signs such as paralysis, and they suffer from no after-effects. If the disease has been so mild, how do we know they have had it at all? It is because characteristic changes can be shown in the spinal fluid of such an individual and because washings from his nose and throat, or better still from his faeces or bowel movements, when inoculated into the proper type of monkey will cause polio in that animal. This of course is a long and expensive process. At least eight persons, and probably more, have this extremely mild kind of polio to every one that develops the actual disease. These people can unfortunately harbor the virus, the cause of the disease, in their digestive tract and their nose and throat for weeks and they may therefore spread it to others.

At what age is the typical disease commonest? Children from two to eight seem to be the most likely victims. It is less common in older children and in adults, and it is very rare in young infants. Probably the reason why the older youngsters fare better is because they have already had the infection in its harmless, undetectable form or because they have taken in several small doses of the virus—so small that they caused no symptoms, but large enough to make them immune or no longer susceptible to the disease.

Now what do we know about this tiny germ or virus that is the cause of this trouble? We know that it is so small that it cannot be seen with even the most powerful microscope and that it can pass through the finest filter. It is so fastidious that it will not grow on the special broths or jellylike materials on which the larger bacteria such as the streptococci thrive. The polio virus needs living tissue in which to grow. Very few other creatures besides man will develop polio, and in their search for methods of preventing or curing this disease, the scientists have to use very expensive monkeys or an uncommon small animal called the cotton rat. Probably you have never even heard of a cotton rat. It is a small wild creature that lives in the southeastern part of the United States. Some enterprising investigators found that one type of polio virus would grow in this animal and therefore it could be used in their research. Then the job was to trap these animals alive and to breed them in captivity. They got them as far as the laboratory and put them in pairs in cages, but that was no help. The next morning only one cotton rat would be alive—they had fought to the death during the night. Various methods of pacifying the cotton rats were tried. None succeeded until someone thought of dipping them in creosote—the smelly

stuff in shingle stain. When the rats had the same smell they took to each other and the difficulty in starting the cotton rat colony was overcome.

Research studies on polio require great patience, enthusiasm and intelligence, but hundreds of workers are devoting their lives to the solution of this problem and there is a very good chance that eventually they will succeed in their search for a preventive or cure of infantile paralysis.

HOW IS the disease spread from one person to another? As we mentioned before, the virus is found in the discharges from the nose and throat and in the faeces, or the discharge from the digestive system, of a person with the disease. It is probably most often spread directly from one person to another. However, there is no reason why it could not get around in water polluted by infected sewage, or by milk or food that has been carelessly handled by an unsuspected polio case. During an epidemic the virus has been found on houseflies, so they too are a menace. The large outbreaks or epidemics of polio almost always occur in the summer or early fall, but isolated cases can occur at any time of the year.

How can we help to protect our youngsters if polio breaks out in our community? I'm sure you have already thought of some precautions that you could take, but we will discuss them in more detail. You can easily see that its control will be difficult, because there are a good many well people going about with the polio virus in their body and there is no practical way of finding out who they are. Your main idea therefore would be to keep your children and as much as possible the rest of your family from meeting new groups of people, because the chances are that some of the latter are carrying the virus. Your children are "used" to their classmates in school and sometimes the public health authorities in cities feel that nothing is gained by closing schools, because with the schools closed the children are freer to go into crowded stores, movies, streetcars and so on, where they meet a great many more "new" people. In the event of an epidemic, the public health and medical authorities in your locality carefully study the situation and recommend the safest course for all the citizens to follow. Your part is to follow these regulations to the letter, not only for your own family's sake but also for the benefit of the whole community. Even keeping your child absolutely by himself may not prevent his catching the disease.

Your second precaution is to see that nothing that might be contaminated by the polio virus is eaten by your child. Be sure that the water you use is pure. If you are on your holidays, boil it. Wash raw fruit or vegetables carefully before eating them. See that the family washes their hands thoroughly before eating and after using the toilet. Have your house property screened and kill any enterprising fly that eludes these precautions. These health precautions should be observed at all times, but they are especially important during a polio epidemic. Another precaution that you should take at such a time is to avoid the use of public swimming pools. You can easily see how the pools might

"Speshul Delivery about Prickly Heat!"



"Hurry up and read this, Mom—"

"Y'wanna keep my skin smooth as satin, doncha? And y'don't want me to suffer from nasty prickly heat, chafing and skin troubles like that? Well, then y'better use the *best* baby powder on me—and that means Mennen Baby Powder—it's *antiseptic*, mild and soothing!"

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HOLD-BOB
"The bobby pins that HOLD"

Councillors is that teen-agers need and want easy-to-digest information about housekeeping. Jean puts it crisply, "I definitely think there should be instructions and more instructions for beginners. Especially in these times there are so many young girls who scarcely know how to boil water—and I know they would welcome any help."

Irene adds, "I think Domestic Science and Household Arts are something every girl should know about unless they can afford servants or housekeepers all their lives. It seems to me that boys too, as well as girls, should have at least a small knowledge of cooking."

One of the Winnipeg girls took these very words out of our mouths. "It is good training for any girl to be left in complete charge of a household for a while. After all, most girls hope to get married eventually." Isn't it the truth?

TEEN-AGER SPECIALS

Cherry-Cottage Cheese Dessert

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cook fresh cherries lightly, sweeten to taste and chill thoroughly. Drain and pile in a serving bowl. Arrange cottage cheese, combined with a little cream, in spoonfuls to form a border. Serve with crisp biscuits or wafers.

Prickly Pears

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Canned pear halves
Corn flakes
Maple syrup

Drain the pears and roll in lightly crushed corn flakes. Place in a baking dish and heat in a moderate oven. Serve with a sauce made by heating the juice from the pears with an equal amount of maple syrup. Or with a sauce made by melting two squares of sweet chocolate in one cupful of the pear syrup.

Chocolate Almond Fluff

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Tablespoonfuls of cocoa
3 Tablespoonfuls of cornstarch
¾ Cupful of sugar
¼ Teaspoonful of salt
1½ Cupfuls of boiling water

½ Teaspoonful of vanilla or spearmint flavoring
½ Teaspoonful of butter
1 Egg white, stiffly beaten
½ Cupful of blanched almonds, coarsely chopped and toasted

Combine the cocoa, cornstarch, sugar and salt, and gradually stir in the boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick and clear—about 10 minutes. Add the flavoring and the butter, remove from the heat, let cool, then fold in the stiffly beaten egg white and the chopped almonds. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses and chill. Just before serving sprinkle with shaved toasted almonds.

Spring Snowballs

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
½ Cupful of sugar
1½ Cupfuls of flour
1¾ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
¼ Cupful of milk
Few grains of salt
2 Egg whites, stiffly beaten

Cream the butter and shortening, add the sugar and continue creaming until well blended. Add the flour, baking powder and salt alternately with the milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, turn into buttered custard cups and steam for 35 minutes. Serve with crushed strawberries or raspberry sauce.

Rhubarb and Orange Compote

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

4 Cupfuls of diced rhubarb
1¼ Cupfuls of sugar
Dash of cinnamon
1 Whole clove
1 Large orange

Combine the sugar and rhubarb, add the cinnamon and whole clove. Cut the orange (unpeeled) into dice, remove the seeds and combine with the rhubarb mixture. Turn into a baking dish, cover and cook in a moderate oven—350 to 375 deg. F.—until the fruit is tender and the juice syrupy. Six to eight servings. Serve with crackers and cream cheese. +

Girls! Do you suffer from NERVOUS TENSION

On 'CERTAIN DAYS'
Of the Month
?????

Do functional periodic disturbances cause you to feel nervous, so restless, jittery, highstrung, perhaps tired, "dragged out"—at such times?

Then don't delay! Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's Compound is one of the most effective medicines for this purpose.

Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a uterine sedative because it has a soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

It is made from wholesome roots



and herbs (plus Vitamin B₁). It HELPS NATURE. A very sensible thing to do!

Buy a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Compound today. Just see if you're not delighted with results. Follow label directions.



Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

"Acid-Moisture" is plain torture to babies!



Red, raw, angry-looking—that's how "acid-moisture" leaves a baby's skin. You can see why it makes him cry! So protect your baby. Use Z.B.T. Baby Powder made with olive oil. (1) Z.B.T. resists "acid-moisture" better. (2) Z. B. T. helps diapers slide, not stick. **MAKE THIS TEST!** Smooth Z.B.T. on your hand. Sprinkle water on it. Z.B.T. with olive oil resists moisture, keeps skin dry. Compare!

Z.B.T. Baby Powder

"THUMZ" To discourage NAIL BITING and THUMB SUCKING



50¢

For Children and Adults
Eliminates Unsightly Nails
AT ALL DRUG & DEPARTMENT STORES
YOU WON'T BITE "THUMZ" PAINTED NAILS

A CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETIN

CORRECTING YOUR FAULTY PROPORTIONS . . . are you too SHORT? Too TALL? Too FAT? TOO THIN? This valuable bulletin will give you helpful suggestions as to the right type of clothes you should wear to correct each of these problems. What are the best fabrics for you? The most becoming colors? The best Lines?

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 20 . . .
Price 10 Cents.

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HELP BABY
STAY HEALTHY.



The **AirVent** is the reason! It prevents nipple collapse, one cause of colic. Milk flows steadily. Baby feeds easier . . . gains weekly. Get chill-proof boil-proof Pyrex Nursing Bottles . . . best for your baby.

PYREX
NURSING BOTTLES
WITH THE PATENTED **AirVent**



GUARANTEED REPLACEMENT
If Broken From Temperature Shock

people from want. It is ready and prepared to form a government. In Mr. M. J. Coldwell we have a leader uniquely qualified to be prime minister in the postwar years. He is universally admitted to be one of the ablest parliamentarians in Canada; his intimate contact with the Labor parties in Australia, New Zealand and England and his attendance at the San Francisco conference have prepared him to be Canada's representative at the Peace Conference. He is supported in parliament by men like Angus McInnis, J. W. Noseworthy, Clarence Gillis, Stanley Knowles, Percy Wright and others—each of whom is an experienced, able man fit for a cabinet position. The time has gone by when any crackpot who attaches himself to the party can hope to have any real influence.

Outside parliament the party is supported by labor leaders, officials of the Federation of Agriculture, and of farmers' co-operatives, social workers, economists, business executives—men and women in all walks of life.

Because the CCF lives up to its slogan, "Humanity First," it has more to offer women than any other party. It is significant that of the seven women who now are members of legislatures in Canada, five are CCF. The CCF aims at making possible for all families of Canada a decent income, a good house, good health services and education. And it offers the best hope for the woman worker. If Canadians embark on a program of expanding all our industries according to the CCF plan, every able-bodied worker, man or woman, will be needed. If we attempt to go back to the old unplanned system, most women will be squeezed out of all employment except housekeeping.

Because they cannot meet the challenge of the CCF program, its enemies attempt to misrepresent it. The foxes whisper and at times shout to the hens, "If you lock us up you will lose your freedom. Let's have free enterprise." Mrs. McGarvey merely smiles, and on election day both she and I will vote CCF. +

Why I Vote Conservative

Continued from page 39

him oppose the forces which are making for division and conflict in our national life, and support every constructive element which sets unity above faction. In short, from a woman's point of view, John Bracken is the type of national leader which Canada needs at the present time.

In this space so kindly placed at my disposal by the editors of Chatelaine, it cannot be expected that I could give a complete outline of Progressive Conservative policy. However, I have endeavored to say why I intend to vote for the Progressive Conservative Party in the coming election.

First: I believe in its policy and principle;

Second: I believe in John Bracken as a national leader;

Third: I believe that Canada's future as a free nation can best be assured as a member of the British Commonwealth, accepting the responsibilities together with the benefits of this partnership. This is the Progressive Conservative creed.

And lastly, I fear dictatorship and I dread the thought of experiments in National Socialism or Nazism. I still believe in government of the people, by the people, for the people. +

what a SOURBALL I married!



"He has no reason to shout at me so!" Jane kept telling herself. But there was a deep, hidden reason for Bill's sharp words! Something he *hinted* one day . . . Puzzled, Jane rushed to her doctor's. "Yes, it

could be your fault," he said. "A wife's *one neglect*—carelessness about feminine hygiene—can very often ruin even the happiest marriage." Then he advised Lysol—used by so many modern wives.

correction... he's a Honey!



"That's my Bill—his own sweet self again!" And Jane is forever grateful to her doctor for telling her about Lysol disinfectant. Just as he said . . . this effective germ-killer cleanses *thoroughly* and de-

odorizes. Yet Lysol solution is gentle for douching; won't harm sensitive tissues—simply follow directions. Says Jane, "Lysol's easy to use. Inexpensive, too. And it really works—I know!"

Check These Facts with Your Doctor



Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-Caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—

Lysol is an efficient **germicide**. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly Odor**—disappears after use. **Deodorizes effectively**. **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.



GUARD YOUR CHILD AGAINST INFECTION
Treat Cuts, Burns, All Minor Injuries With Lysol the Ideal Antiseptic

Deadly infection often starts from the smallest cut or bruise. So be on guard . . . use Lysol early, in proper dilution as directed. Lysol is recommended and used by doctors and hospitals everywhere. Lysol is concentrated; used in dilution it is amazingly effective. Keep Lysol in your home always.

Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE
HYGIENE



For **FREE** booklet in plain envelope about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Dept. M.H., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Ontario.

Name

Address

City Province

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MOTHER-IN-LAW:

**I see you know the secret
of speedy cleaning!**

ANNE: Right, Mother! I've learned Bon Ami cleans everything best because it never scratches.

Harsh, scratchy cleansers make your cleaning harder every time you use them—because scratches hold dirt, cause extra scrubbing. Soft, fine Bon Ami just slides dirt off like magic... and polishes the surface to a satin-smooth finish. It's speedy but safe for bathtub, sink, enamelware, smooth painted woodwork, glass and gleaming fixtures. Save time—give your home a daily beauty treatment—with quick, gentle Bon Ami!

P. S. Bon Ami Powder is a favorite for sinks, bathtubs, general cleaning; Bon Ami Cake for windows, mirrors, windshields.

MADE IN CANADA

Bon Ami

**THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"**



become polluted with the polio virus from some apparently healthy person who has the virus in his body discharges and that your child might swallow a mouthful of water containing it.

What are the early symptoms of polio? They usually come on suddenly and they are similar to the beginning of an infectious disease or a minor illness. A head cold, a sore throat, feverishness, nausea or uneasiness in the stomach and sometimes vomiting are common early signs. If your child is out of sorts in any way he should be put to bed, and if there is any polio around he should be seen as soon as possible by your physician. Rest in bed reduces the severity of the disease. Other more serious signs are pain in the limbs or elsewhere, stiffness of the back or neck, irritability and finally paralysis. Once more your cue is to keep your child in bed and to get medical advice.

How does the polio virus cause paralysis? After a serious attack of polio some of the muscles become smaller and weaker and the patient is unable to move them properly. At first sight you would think the trouble was primarily in the muscles. Actually the original damage takes place in the nerve cells of the spinal cord and the lower part of the brain. These nerve cells control the action of the muscles by sending messages along long fibres, something like long white threads, which extend from the nerve cells in the cord to small parts of the muscles. The messages that enable us to move our muscles at will are sent down from our brain to these nerve cells and out along the fibres to the muscle cells. The polio virus unfortunately attacks some of these nerve cells. If it kills a nerve cell, the muscle cells that it controls can no longer be moved and as a result they wither away and become useless. If the nerve cell is merely injured it may recover in time and muscle cells can then become useful again.

Proper care throughout helps to reduce the damage caused by the disease. Later on, operations and braces are often necessary in order to make the limbs more useful. It is truly remarkable what the orthopaedic surgeons can do to help these people. Fortunately the mental powers are not affected and the majority of these polio patients become very useful citizens. The parents of such children can do a tremendous amount to help them develop the determination and courage to overcome their handicaps.

Why I Vote CCF

Continued from page 64

The party funds are provided usually in huge sums by people who can give huge sums. Mrs. McGarvey knows a contractor who says his firm always makes a contribution to both parties so that he will be sure of getting some contracts no matter which side wins. Once elected to power both parties govern in the interest of those who paid their way, and to the McGarveys it matters little whether Liberals or Conservatives rule.

The party funds of the CCF are made up of small contributions from many thousands of people. Every member pays an annual fee of two dollars and then makes further contributions. If ever the day comes when the CCF does not need her money Mrs. McGarvey says she'll leave the CCF because she'll know the party is no longer of any use to her.

The CCF is the only party free to make the changes necessary to free our

Recommended by THOUSANDS of DOCTORS



BABY'S OWN OIL

BABY'S skin is extra sensitive
...and that's why Baby's Own
Oil is extra mild!

Doctors everywhere recommend the use of this mild, safe baby oil to soothe baby's sensitive skin. Baby's Own Oil is a bland oil, containing no questionable antiseptic ingredients.

Scientifically prepared for baby's tender tissues, Baby's Own Oil used regularly, will prevent irritation, chapping or roughness. When you ask your druggist for a bottle of Baby's Own Oil, you can buy with confidence...for you're buying the best!

Baby's Own

OIL • SOAP • TALC

All we wanted was the smartest, gayest, most cheerful living room in the world!
What we had was one of the dullest, most uninspired and drab rooms on Elmhurst Drive!
But the budget!...



"At least, we can do something about those draperies," I told Jim. And I ran up some gay, modern-looking material I'd picked up at a bargain. While I was about it, I did a job on slip-covers, too.

In the meantime, Jim fixed up some smart, oversized frames for our prints, and did a re-painting job on the walls. Then a Venetian blind to cover *both* windows. "Hey! It begins to look like something around here!" he said one day.



*New Slip Covers...
a coat of paint...
Venetian blinds...
and a beautiful new rug!*

*I CAN TRANSFORM
YOUR HOME TOO!*



*Gold Seal
Congoleum*

"There's just one thing wrong," I said, "...the floor. And I know how I can fix that up. Without a lot of expense, either!" Next day we looked at Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs—and bought a beautiful one in colors that go wonderfully with the rest of our room. And it will *wear* as well as it looks! For Gold Seal Congoleum has an exclusive wearing layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel—equal in thickness to 8 coats of best-floor paint applied by hand. Best of all—it makes cleaning loads easier. Honestly, we believe a professional decorator couldn't have done better!

CONGOLEUM CANADA LIMITED

This Point Forward

THE CARTON on the bridge table is waiting for a few small items to fill the crevices. The solid stuff—the tinned chicken, the chile con carne, the pair of socks, the box of salted nuts—has been firmly bedded down in its nest of tissue paper. It is only a matter of last-minute routine to close up the box, wrap it, address the label . . . “Canadian Army Overseas” . . . post it. Nothing new about this; the whole business has become as automatic as putting out the milk bottle; yet this time all the familiar motions of mailing an overseas box are taking on a special significance. This time will be the last time. For one woman, and millions like her, the war is over. For all of us, conditioned as we have been during five and a half years of struggle, strain and separation, peace comes as a new idea, a new fact, almost overwhelming in its novelty. The door that slammed shut on personal lives is suddenly swung wide again; we can emerge from the dark exhausted atmosphere to clean air and light, and we can find the firm path that will lead us, and our neighbors, and all humankind, forward.

In spite of tiredness and momentary letdown, we are better equipped than any generation before us; perhaps better prepared for the task ahead than we ourselves realize. We have lived through a period when bravery of the human soul became a daily commonplace; we have seen plain men and women rise to incredible heights of endurance and sacrifice; and, though many of us were not required to submit to the test, it is a rather wonderful and solemn fact that all humanity has been elevated in the process. The brilliance of leadership and the courage of common people are now part of every citizen's deepest consciousness, to be possessed and shared equally by all and to be kept as an undiminishing legacy for those who come after.

HISTORY marches on; and with it every last member of the battered but imperishable human race. From this point forward, no one dare fall out or destroy the order of progress. If our line breaks, there may be chaos in the ranks 10,000 miles away. The interdependence of peoples everywhere is the one reality we must understand before we can move with confidence toward any worthy goal, whether it be international harmony, national welfare, or personal security within our own four walls.

If we succumb to the temptation to “forget the war,” it is conceivable that we shall forget the peace too. Memory, imagination, and continuing concern can save us. The atrocity newsreels which bite painfully into our delicate perceptions must not be permitted to gather dust on the shelves; they should be shown at intervals, once a year or once a decade—to remind us, so long as we need reminding, of what can happen when power is divorced from morality, and science separated from compassion.

At this moment the lesson is still vivid before us, and we would like to forget a little; the June air is delicious, the roses are in bud, and the pleasant small occupations of peacetime ready to be enjoyed again. No one should be deprived of these, but the very knowledge that this is a summer of rejoicing, and that our senses have been war-sharpened to appreciate good and simple things, must arm us to win the total and permanent peace. “N'oubliez jamais,” the French have written above the graves of our Canadian men. Let us write it in our own hearts: “Never forget.”

Mary-Elle Macpherson

JUNE Chatelaine 1945



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Printed and published by THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman. HORACE T. HUNTER, President. FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President. B. G. NEWTON, Vice-President. EUROPEAN OFFICE: The MacLean Company of Great Britain Limited, 57 Goldsmith Ave., Acton, London, W3, England. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph. Atabek, Piccy, London — YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In Canada \$1.00; Canadian points served by air mail only, \$1.30; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year; United States

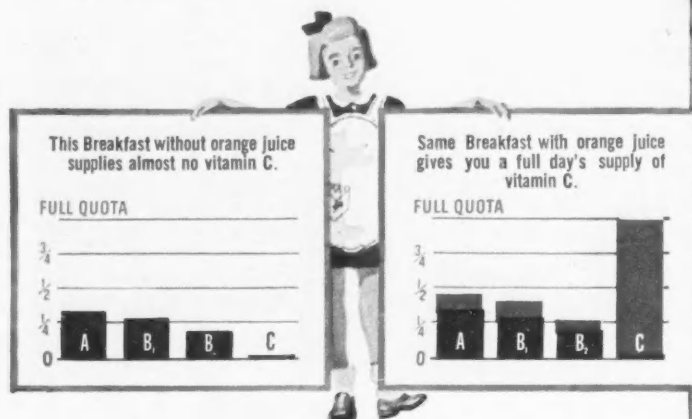
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Imagine! One food doing all this!

Only oranges combine such sunny flavor with so many needed vitamins and minerals.

We can't blame you for thinking first of that wonderfully good flavor of golden California oranges. But don't forget how important they are to health. Oranges are your best everyday source of vitamin C. Good source of B vitamins, calcium and other needed minerals. And there are so many ways to enjoy them!



See what orange juice adds to breakfast!

1. Suppose you start with an egg, cereal with milk and buttered toast. They are fine for many vitamins and to build up the energy needed for a good morning's work. Yet, like most foods they lack vitamin C.

2. Add a sunny 6-ounce* glass of fresh California orange juice and you fill your day's need for vitamin C. Sunkist Orange juice helps with other vitamins and minerals, too. And you treat yourself to the cheeriest start for the day!



From natural color photographs

RECIPE

GOLDEN SNOWCAP

Orange section—2 cups
Banana slices—1 cup

Berries—1/2 cup
Lemon sherbet—1 pint

Section the oranges after removing all peel and membrane. Slice bananas. Add berries. Top with sherbet. Serves 6.

Lunch box dessert: an easy to peel Sunkist Orange adds flavor, freshness and vitamins.

Health tip: Vitamin C is needed daily because your body does not store it. You can be sure of your daily quota if you enjoy a 6-ounce* glass of delicious Sunkist Orange juice every day!

Be sure you ask for Sunkist Oranges, finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers. *Canadian Government Standard.

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